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The CRISIS

ANUARY
1926

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The Crisis

A Record of the Darker Races

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Vol. 31, No. 3 Whole No. 183
January, 1926

THE CRISIS MAGAZINE: Published monthly and copyrighted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Conducted by W. E. Burghardt DuBois; Jessie Redmon Fauset, Literary Editor; Augustus Granville Dill, Business Manager. 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while THE CRISIS uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 31 No. 3 JANUARY, 1926 Whole No. 183

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

DEBIT AND CREDIT

THE AMERICAN NEGRO in Account with the Year of Grace, 1925

DEBIT

The Ku Klux Klan
The burning at Rocky Ford, Mississippi
The "Bull" of Bullard
Segregation and "Jim Crow"
Howard
Lincoln
The death of Mrs. Booker T. Washington, John E. Milholland, Georges Sylvain, Henry Lincoln Johnson, Daisy Tapley, Andrew F. Hilyer, Charles Cottrell, Carrie A. Tuggle and Arthur D. Butler

CREDIT

The death of the Sterling Discrimination Bill
The failure of the "Associated Pie Hunters"
McKenzie
Roland Hayes
Paul Robeson
Moorfield Storey at 80
James Weldon Johnson, 11th Spingarn Medallist
25 years of Maggie L. Walker
Negro athletes
Tom Lee of Memphis
The *Survey Graphic*, Harlem Number
Protest of the women at the International Council
Jubilee of Harry T. Burleigh
752 Bachelors of Art
44 Masters of Art
392 Professional Graduates
The N. A. A. C. P.'s $112,000 budget
The renaissance of Negro art in music, painting, fiction and poetry
Rosamond Johnson's reincarnation of the Negro Folk Song
Lincoln University of Missouri
The Elks at Richmond
Marian Anderson, Edmund Jenkins, Lillian Tibbs and Archibald Motley
The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History
The first battle of Detroit
Pullman Porters
The "Star of Ethiopia" of Los Angeles

NO ROOM IN THE INN

"AND SHE BROUGHT FORTH her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; BECAUSE THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."

There was no room for them in the inn. Perhaps the inn was really full. Perhaps there was still place for the Rich but none for the Poor. Perhaps the manners of Joseph were not suited to the better bred patrons; perhaps Mary's condition made the sleek gowned ladies, who could not be bothered with children, highly incensed; how shocking!

Or perhaps the nose of Joseph was too high and his color too dark for the clerk at the inn. Ah, but how we black folk can sympathize with the poor little homeless mother of God! Long had been the journey and you had come into the great strange town at night. You hesitate—a stranger, a dark and harried stranger. Then taking desperate courage, you walk into the inn. The servants smile, the patrons stare. You walk to the desk.

"A room, please?"

Perhaps the astonished clerk plays for time—"At what price?—how long?"

"Sorry—there are no rooms left at that price—in fact there are none at

all. We may have one later."

And all the time your heart sinks down, down, till the wave of anger and contempt sweeps it up. Think of being hired to lie like that! Think of begging to herd with cheap snobs who watch each other furtively and fear to be themselves lest they be mistaken for others. And so you go out into the storm and the night.

There is no room in the inn.
Not even for Jesus Christ.

GARLAND ANDERSON

THE CASE OF GARLAND ANDERSON is remarkable. His play "Appearances" is an excellent play. It fascinated both white people and colored people, Northerners and Southerners. Everybody who saw it was enthusiastic about it. It was only those who did not see it and those who assumed that a play by a colored man on Broadway must be negligible that contributed to its financial failure. It is said that two white men from Texas enabled it to run as long as it did and now friends, headed by Belasco himself, are raising a subscription to enable the play to open again. If it does appear in New York or elsewhere, the colored people and all their friends ought to fill the houses; and this will not be Charity, it will be Opportunity.

CHRISTIAN WORK

FOR WHITE RELIGIOUS GYMNASTICS of the most approved type commend us to a publication in New York City called *Christian Work*. For reasons best known to the editors, this lively and self-sacrificing weekly determined to have a symposium on "Where Negroes Should Live" and it proceeded to stuff the ballot box in this way: it announced that Negroes and Whites cannot live together. Then it asked wisely, Should they attempt it? or Should we set aside a ghetto for them? and finally, with a burst of inspiration it wanted its correspondents "to suggest some third possibility". Having thus begged the question it sends about the country asking folks to send in answers. Naturally, the only persons who agree with its announced stand are Cole Blease of South Carolina, Thomas McLeod, Governor of South Carolina, the head of the Ku Klux Klan, and a Southern Methodist bishop. After this inspiring result "Christian Work" suggests "sympathetic study" of the problem and "conference".

It is sad that there were not brains enough in the office to have come to this conclusion before this brilliant symposium was conceived.

RHINELANDER

IF ANYTHING MORE HUMILIATING to the prestige of white America than the Rhinelander case has occurred recently it has escaped our attention. That high Nordic stream which produces super-men is here represented by a poor decadent descended from the best blood of white America. Here is a woman "accused" of Negro blood. Accused because out of slavery and house service, ignorance and poverty she has raised herself. Not far, God wot, but far enough at least for the Rhinelanders and others to receive her socially. This man begged to marry her and did. And what then? Did he care because she had black blood? Not a rap. But his family did not want other white folk to know it. When therefore the busy-body press discovered it and advertised it, he and his family ran like rabbits to cover and whined. Why could the press persecute, ridicule and strip naked, soul and body, this defenseless girl? Because so many white Americans have black blood which might come to light, they pounce and worry like wolves to prove their spotless fam-

ily. What this poor girl wanted of this specimen of a man is more than we can fathom. But that is none of our business; she did want him and he wanted her. Where then is the shame in this mess, if shame there is?

It lies in the awful truth that if Rhinelander had used this girl as concubine or prostitute, white America would have raised no word of protest; white periodicals would have printed no headlines; white ministers would have said no single word. It is when he legally and decently marries the girl that Hell breaks loose and literally tears the pair apart. Magnificent Nordic morality!

It is a fine thing that contemptible appeals to race prejudice did not swerve the jury from the plain truth.

PULLMAN PORTERS

THERE ARE SOME THINGS connected with the fight of Pullman porters for recognition as modern working men which should hold our attention. First, there is the threat of the Pullman Company to substitute Filipino porters. This threat is sheer poppycock. Let them import as many Filipinos as they want. The Negro porters can easily hold their own. But of course the Pullman Company has not the slightest intention of importing Filipinos even if they could do so legally. They are simply trying to scare colored men.

Then again they are trying to influence the Negro press and apparently they are succeeding. Of the five or more colored papers in Chicago not a single one has come out openly and fearlessly in defense of the porters. Most of them have treated the matter with shuffling and with silence.

But it is perhaps the attitude of Calvin Coolidge and his government which is most disgraceful. The government has not only set spies to hound Negroes who dare to study Communism, but it has allowed one of its own job-holders to accept a fee from the Pullman Company in return for throwing dirt and bribes among Negroes. As the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* says: "Coercion of labor unions by paid agents of employers holding Federal office is not capable of any defense, certainly of none that has any relation to practical politics in America."

Finally, if American Negroes want to know on which side to take their stand in this matter of labor organization among Negroes they should note the people who are against it: Mark Sullivan, the most unfair of newspaper correspondents on Negro problems, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, the daily press of Miami, Florida! When such forces as these take one side, it is the business of thinking Negroes to take the other.

THE NEW AFRICAN PROGRAM

AN ALABAMA WHITE MAN, who knows how to "handle Negroes", is being sent to Liberia by Thomas Jesse Jones and the Phelps Stokes Fund to take charge of missionary education and social uplift work in that land. This is unfortunate. It is unfortunate even if James L. Sibley is the best intentioned man in the world. He is a white Southerner and by that fact is just as unfitted for the task as a black man would be in charge of white education in Alabama.There are black men who could take charge of education in Alabama and do a better job of it than is being done there today. It is barely possible that James Sibley will be able to call the President of Liberia "Mr." and address his wife without using her first name. But despite this

either appointment would be a mistake. The Phelps Stokes Fund would not dare even suggest John Hope as superintendent of Education in Alabama although Hope is in every way better fitted for the job than the present incumbent. Nevertheless the policy of this Fund and Jones from the beginning has been to force white leadership on Negroes on every occasion and under all circumstances. With the hosts of carefully educated Negroes of unimpeachable character ready and willing to help in the uplift of Africa why in Heaven's name must an Alabama white man be forced down the throats of Liberians? What would be more appropriate than educational and social guidance in Africa at the hands of the grandsons of African slaves? But this would not fit with the Plan: the Plan of keeping Africa in political and economic slavery by stifling black leadership and forcing in the white leaders who have been trained in Negro-hating communities.

We warn Mr. Sibley that Liberia is not Alabama. The Liberians have been free a hundred years and there are things to which they will not submit. If Mr. Sibley fails in his work he will slander Liberia as the English and French have done. If he succeeds the world will learn that only white men can lead Negroes. In either case Mr. Jones and his Fund will triumph.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF DETROIT

THE FIRST SWEET TRIAL is over. By grace of the N. A. A. C. P. instead of eleven persons being railroaded to long penitentiary sentences and some to life imprisonment, there has been a mis-trial and every one of the defendants is free on bail.

This is what comes of fighting. This is what comes of organized intelligence, resistance and cash. There are a lot of people in the United States who one of these days are going to learn that when they touch an American Negro they touch Trouble; that we are a docile, long-suffering people; that we are used to having one cheek roundly slapped but as for that other cheek we are getting tired of presenting it to everybody always.

In the Sweet trial we owe a great debt of gratitude to Clarence Darrow and we owe absolutely nothing to the white Christian church of Detroit. Walter White, our representative in Detroit, writes: "Clarence Darrow was yesterday denounced by the Presbyterian ministers of Detroit because of an address he delivered at the St. Antoine Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

"Mr. Darrow is accused of being an infidel, an agnostic, a disbeliever in Christianity. Yet, he is here defending eleven people who have few friends and I have heard of no single word from any Christian minister of Detroit protesting against the mobbing of Dr. Sweet's home and those of many other self-respecting, law-abiding Negroes here in Detroit. Leaving orthodoxy aside, which action, Mr. Darrow's or the Christian ministers', most nearly coincides with the tenets of Christianity?

"Christianity which stops dead at the color line or the dollar mark is a pretty poor religion. The Presbyterian ministry of Detroit might more appropriately have assailed Mr. Darrow's ideas on religion and prohibition if they had, here in Detroit, done some definite thing towards the practice of their vaunted Christianity in the case of Dr. and Mrs. Sweet."

THE DAILY PRESS

WE HAVE DEEP SYMPATHY with the Newport News, Va., *Daily Press*. It is getting itself in all sorts

of hot water by trying to regulate the internal affairs of Hampton Institute and the external affairs of God Almighty. Here for instance, it has commended the funeral services of some poor old colored servant in a white church "once attended by Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee"; and then, on the other hand, it has become quite red-headed because colored and white people sat together in a concert at Ogden Hall. When a correspondent takes it to task for this inconsistency, the *Daily Press* performs a feat of contortion which is nothing less than delicious. It says tearfully: "Neither Dr. Hope, nor any self-respecting white man or white woman of Virginia would refuse to sit in a theatre where there were decent colored people, as our alien correspondent seems to think. But that implies that the races are separated, and not mixed up as they are in Ogden Hall. If our correspondent cannot understand that distinction, it is, as he says, because he is not of the South and was not reared in a Southern atmosphere, and the *Daily Press* will not attempt even to make him understand."

We commend the *Press* for not attempting to make either its correspondent or anybody else understand.

ASHEVILLE

ONE OF THE MOST IMPUDENT of episodes is the attempt of the *Asheville Citizen* and other North Carolina papers to browbeat the colored residents because criminals alleged to be Negroes were not discovered by the Negroes and delivered to the authorities:

"Are you doing anything NOW to help? Why not? You appeal to the Law—to the white people who are the motive power of the Law—in the last analysis are the Law itself—to aid you yet you do nothing to aid it. Look you, the Law is not for the protection of its enemies but their punishment. Do you wish it to fail—The Observer remarks that then 'the mob will clutch' and what force will be against it?"

We doubt if modern history can parallel this. We white folks are the Law, the Police and Courts. We cannot prevent crime or apprehend, discover and punish criminals. Therefore you Negroes without police power, without legislative influence, without wealth or courts, must do what we cannot do and do it immediately or we will tear down our law machinery and mob and kill you whether you are guilty or not or whether it has been proven that the criminal was a Negro!

KRIGWA, 1926

WE ARE ALREADY RECEIVING manuscripts for our literary contest, 1926. There are $600 in prizes for stories, plays, essays, poems and covers.

We want especially to stress the fact that while we believe in Negro art we do not believe in any art simply for art's sake. We want the earth beautiful but we are primarily interested in the earth. We want Negro writers to produce beautiful things but we stress the things rather than the beauty. It is Life and Truth that are important and Beauty comes to make their importance visible and tolerable. Even this as we say it is not altogether true.

Write then about things as you know them; be honest and sincere. In THE CRISIS at least, you do not have to confine your writings to the portrayal of beggars, scoundrels and prostitutes; you can write about ordinary decent colored people if you want. On the other hand do not fear the Truth. Plumb the depths. If you want to paint Crime and Destitution and Evil paint it. Do not try to be simply respectable, smug, conventional. Use propaganda if you want. Discard it and laugh if you will. But be true, be sincere, be thorough, and do a beautiful job.

The contest closes May 1, 1926.

The Eucalyptus Tree

A Reverie of Rome, the Catacombs, Christianity and the Moving Beauty of Italy

JESSIE FAUSET

ROME. Iron and blood. And tears. I had expected the iron; those Gallic wars which once I had read and taught had so prepared me. And I should not have been too astounded if I had seen the little Tiber running red. But I had not looked for tears.

Along the far-famed Appian Way lie the Catacombs of Rome. Graves in which people, paradoxically, once lived! Terrible places! Tombs and worse than tombs! Little shelves, six feet long and pathetically narrow, cut in the dank dark earth; twenty-four feet of cubic soil to contain that which some day would once more be soil. Which now is soil.

One of those catacombs I shall never forget. St. Calixtus. We rode in the soft Italian January weather along that same Appian Way; three of us with a guide who spoke "fluent English". He pointed to figures in wayside shrines and called them "stachéls". Discoursing of legends built about Peter and Paul he differentiated between the two saints by using the formula of "this feller" and "that feller". We had hard work to keep serious countenances; his pompous assurance of his superb linguistic ability was overwhelming. Yet who were we to cavil, we whose knowledge of the language of Rome was confined to the formula: "Via est longa".

Without warning we stopped at a wide gate which led into a meadow, thickly studded with trees and brown moving figures. Monks. Men of God wearing sturdy thick brown robes, stiff and unyielding stuff. A mortification to both the flesh and the eye. Winding through these we came to a small room, not much more than a shed where the inevitable souvenirs were vended. A medley of things all impractical such as one sees at small seashore resorts. Strings and rosaries of translucent beads in luscious soft colorings; greens, lavenders and blues; numberless post-cards, trinkets of all descriptions. Nearly all useless. And thick, stale, bitterly strong milk chocolate which the monks made and which for that reason, it seemed, should have been very good. In reality it was nauseous. True tourists, we stopped and bought a few beads; a cake of the disappointing milk-chocolate. Then our guide came forward with a monk whose business it was to conduct parties through the catacombs. To each of us he handed a long slender yellowish wax taper and through a yawning doorway we entered literally into a hole in the ground. One moment we had been out in the open; the graciousness of air, the blueness of sky, endlessness of space about us. The next second we knew darkness, dankness, confinement. Just inside the doorway someone lit our tapers and then single file, awe-stricken, cold, we plunged down a few steep narrow steps into the bowels of the earth.

Death was about me. I knew it, I felt it. Old death echoing back from centuries before. Not the mere cessation of living but the death of high hopes, of burning love. The death that had been presaged by utter despair. On and on we paced through earthy passages; earthy, oozing ceilings above us; smooth, cold, earthy walls hemming us in. And in those walls those ghastly spaces where Christians had slept first the sleep of life and then the sleep of death. The guide's voice floated back down the narrow hall; his words couched in incomprehensible English were relayed to us by our guide of the "fluent tongue". We learned anew of the stories of men and women who had died simply and willingly for the cause of Christ. Who worse still had *lived* through nameless tortures of fire and water and shame for that same cause; stealing out to gatherings beneath the Italian moon; assembling fearfully in cypress groves and with great good luck returning through the midnight watches to their living tombs.

Our tapers flickered in the still, sullen air. If they should go out! But they continued to burn fitfully in some strange unison with the unevenly articulated tones of the monk. I cannot tell you what negation of existence as I knew it descended upon me as I stood there within an earthen

chamber, with only the faint glow of the taper between me and utter darkness and the knowledge and goodwill of the monk and the guide our one link between the sweet life going on above us, above ground where there were sweet air and sunlight and realities! To be lost in those subterranean passages, to wander ceaselessly groping through the dark, to have one's fingers encounter a dank case where a skeleton reposed! The slow dissolution of courage! The imminence of madness! Despair! Sudden death would be sweeter.

Turning a corner we came to a shallow three-walled chamber, on whose earthen floor reposed a lovely stone carving of beautiful beheaded St. Cecilia, the gift of parents of our time in memory of a daughter whom death had claimed too early. . . . But its beautiful perfection is not for me; I will muse on it later; I will buy pictures of it, but now all my desire is to leave behind this horrible place and to find . . . life.

And suddenly I am once more at the narrow steep stair-case, an inch of flaming taper still in my hand. The sweet world beckons. And just as I emerge from the door-way I spy the eucalyptus tree. It is green and perfect, towering a huge, graceful pyramid more than a hundred feet in air. A little wind coming across the meadow played through its flowing pendent leaves. From within its foliage I caught a faint continuous murmur, like the running of water. Like the running of a rivulet composed of all those tears which Christians had shed in those terrible days of doom and death. But the murmur of the wind rose above this like an obligato, like a chant of life, of endurance, of the immanence in Christianity of well-being and ultimate good. The tree, the eucalyptus tree, had caught and preserved the essence of all that the early martyrs had lavished so profusely on the iron pride of Rome. On the blood-stained prestige of Rome. Their goodness, their amazing faith, their tears. These things had been stronger than all the will of emperors and panoplied armies. The Christian Church now centres at Rome. The roots of the eucalyptus tree are plunged deep in that cemetery but its branches bear a beneficent sap within their veins. Baffled, beaten, its beginnings in catacombs of doubt, misinterpretation, tears, Christianity yet rises, rises with healing in its wings.

Color

JANE SHONNARD

GREEN leaves of the forest,
Green leaves of the forest,
Never can you know my pain:
For you are all one color.
You mount to the sun in one emerald flame
And you lie under the moon in one pool of jade.
Tulip and birch have lights,
Oak and magnolia have shades.
But tulip and birch and all are green, green, green.

Green leaves of the forest,
Green leaves of the forest,
Will you hear me tell of my pain?
For we are not all one color:
And I cannot rise where the sunlight gives joy,
I cannot lie where the moonlight gives peace.
Brown and yellow and black,
I see my brothers go:
And I who am white have willed to strike my brothers down.

Green leaves of the forest,
Green leaves of the forest,
Never can you know my pain:
For you are all one color.
I hug the community of your whisperings to my heart,
I bathe me in the monotone of your splendid verdure.
Tulip and oak and birch,
I grip you with heart and with hand,
Till my heart and my hand can tear the pain from my soul.

Three Dogs and a Rabbit

Third Prize Story in THE CRISIS *Contest 1925*

ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

This interesting story was written by a woman born in Mexico in 1890. She was graduated from the New Mexico Teachers College, taught school, married and is the mother of four children. She has written scenarios for Pathé and contributed to magazines.

"THIS, that I'm about to relate", said Timothy Phipps, "isn't much of a story, though, you might upon hearing it weave it into a ripping good yarn. I'm not much of a talker or writer. Now maybe when I'm in my cups or in the last stages of a delirious fever—I might attempt to—write." He tilted his head, with its fringe of rough grey hair, a bit backwards and sidewise and laughed. His laughter seeming to echo—write, write, write.

Tinkling with fine spirits and good humor, he ceased laughing to inquire roguishly: "What, say, are the ingredients of a story? A plot? Ah, yes, a plot. Ho! ho! ho! The only plot in this rigmarole, my dear fellow, is running, hard to catch, a sure enough running plot. Characters. To be sure we must have characters: A pretty girl, a brave hero, a villain and love. A setting. Of course there must be a setting, an atmosphere, a coloring. We'll say moonlight and a rippling brook and a night bird singing nocturnal hymns in a forest and love. Love pirouetting in the silvery moonlight, love splashing and singing in a rippling brook. Love trilling and fluting in a bird's song—Love and a pretty girl — Love and a brave hero—Love and a villain made penitent and contrite; because of love. Bye the bye, there is no living person who could not fancy the beginning, imagine the entanglements, conceive the climax, unfold the developments, reveal the solution and picture the final, having such material at hand. But," laughed Timothy, "none such—none such in what I'm a-telling."

ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

Shedding his joviality for a more serious mien, he queried—

"Have you ever thought how very few really lovely women one meets in a life time? Our pretty young debutantes are far too sophisticated; while our age-mellowed matrons affect *naiveté*, and our bustling house-wives are too preoccupied with directing the destinies of nations to be attractive in the least.

"Men? Bother the men. We are but animals at best. Alert and crafty, lazy and jovial; just as chance decrees, and monotonously alike in our dependence upon woman. All of us are made or marred by our contacts with women. Whenever chance draws her draperies aside to allow a lovely woman to cross our path, it leaves an ineffaceable mark upon our contenance and traces indelible patterns of refinement upon our character.

"Unfortunately, I am of a critical turn of mind together

with a pernicious inclination to believe with the ancient Greeks that an ugly body houses an ugly soul and that loveliness dwells only in beautiful temples.

"Certainly, certainly this inclination has led me into more than one blind alley. Ah, if I could only wield the pen as skillfully as I can this—" He flourished a carving knife, for we were at table and he was occupied at the moment in carving the *pièce de résistance.* "I would tell the world how untrue my premise is. And what a cruel fallacy outer loveliness ofttimes proves itself to be.

"Despite this, my contrary nature clings like a leech to the belief that beautiful temples are invariably beautiful within.

"And it chanced, I say chanced, since there is the probability that someone not half so lovely might have done the same deed, and had such been the case my belief would have suffered a terrible set-back. It chanced that the loveliest woman I ever saw was the most beautiful.

"I saw her first under amazing circumstances. Circumstances so extraordinary they seem unreal to this day, but I won't linger upon them, because they make another story. My second sight of her was in a crowded court-room and it was then while she sat very primly upon the culprit's bench that I had my first opportunity really to see her.

"She was a little woman. Feel as you like towards all other types, but a little woman has her appeal. Especially, a little old woman with silvery hair, and an unnameable air about her, that is like fingers forever playing upon the chords of sweetest memories. All this, and a prettiness beside, a trifle faded of course, but dainty and fragile and lovely—rare, you might say as a bit of old, old lace. And kindliness overlaying this, to lend a charm to her beauty that jewel or raiment could not render. Her silvery hair crinkled almost to the point of that natural curliness which Negro blood imparts. The kind of curl that no artificial aid so far invented can duplicate. Her eyes were extremely heavy-lidded, which is, as you know, a purely Negro attribute, and her mouth had a fullness, a ripeness, exceedingly—*African.*

"That she was anything other than a white American was improbable, improbable indeed. She, the widow of old Colonel Ritton, deceased, of Westview. As dauntless and intrepid a figure as ever lived to make history for his country. His career as an Indian fighter, pioneer and brave, open opposer of the lawlessness which held sway over the far West in the late sixties is a thing that is pointed to with pride and made much of, by Americans. Three notable sons, high standing in their respective vocations, paid her the homage due the mother of such stalwart, upright men as themselves. Two daughters, fêted continuously because of their beauty, were married into families, whose family-tree flourished like the proverbial mustard-seed, unblighted before the world.

"There had to be some reason why a lady of her standing was forced to appear in court. The truth is, it was not because of the greatness of her offense; but because of the unusualness of her misconduct which had raised such a hue and cry; until drastic method had to be resorted to.

"The charge against her was one of several counts, the plaintiffs being three very stout gentlemen, florid-faced, heavy-jowled, wide-paunched to a man. Each of them diffused a pomposity; which while being imposing managed somehow to be amusing. Their very manner bespoke their grim determination to punish the defendant. Their portly bodies fairly bristled with the strength of this intention. The muscles in their heavy faces worked as though the currents of their thoughts were supplied by volts of wonderment, shocking and bewildering. They charged, first: That the defendant willfully hampered them in the fulfillment of their authorized duty. Second: That the defendant had knowingly aided a criminal to evade the hands of the law, by sheltering the said criminal in or about her premises. Third: That the defendant had spoken untruthfully with intent to deceive by denying all knowledge of said criminal's whereabouts. Fourth: That the concealment of said criminal constituted a tort; the criminal being of so dangerous a character, his being at liberty was a menace to the commonwealth."

Timothy Phipps paused, as he busied himself, serving generous slices of baked ham to his guests. In the act of laying a copious helping upon his own plate, he commenced again, to unreel his yarn.

"There is no joy in life so satisfying, so joyous, as that of having our belief strengthened—to watch iridescent bubbles—our castles in the air—settle, unbroken upon firm old earth. To hear our doubts go singing through the chimneys of oblivion. Ah, that's joy indeed. And it is what I experienced that never-to-be forgotten day in the dinkiest little court-room in the world.

"A rainy spell was holding sway and a penetrating drizzle oozed from the sky as though the clouds were one big jelly-bag hung to drip, drip, drip. I was sogged with depression, what with the weather and the fact that I was marooned in a very hostile section of my native land, it was little wonder that my nerves were jumpy and a soddenness saturated my spirits, even though I knew that the fugitive was free and making a rough guess at it, was to remain so. But an emotion, more impelling than curiosity forced me to linger to witness the outcome of old Mrs. Ritton's legal skirmish.

"From a maze of judicial meanderings, these facts were made known.

"The old Ritton house was a big rambling structure built at some period so long ago, the time was forgotten. It was not a place of quick escapes, for no such thing as fleeing fugitives had been thought of, in its planning. Unexpected steps up and steps down made hasty flight hazardous. Unlooked for corners and unaccountable turns called for leisurely progress and long halls with closed doors at their furtherest end, opening into other chambers, were hindrances no stranger could shun. All told, the house as it stood was a potent witness against the defendant, each of its numerous narrow-paned windows screeched the fact that none but the initiated could play at hide-and-seek within its walls.

"Many pros and cons were bandied about as to why the run-away Negro had entered Ritton's house. That he had done an unwonted thing went without saying—since hunted things flee to the outposts of Nature, shunning human habitation as one does a pestilence: to the long, long road girt by a clear horizon, where dipping sky meets lifting earth, on, on to the boundless space, away to the forest where wild things hover, or a dash to the mountains to seek out sheltering cave and cavern.

"At first, it was thought that entering the Ritton house was a 'dodge' but subsequent happenings had proven the supposition false. It was quite clear that he had gone in for protection and had found it.

"The claimants carefully explained to the court, how they had chased the Negro down Anthony, up Clements and into Marvin, the street which ran north and south beneath the Ritton-house windows. They were but a few lengths behind the fugitive—not close enough, you understand, to lay hold upon him; nor so near that they could swear that someone signalled from an open window in the Ritton house. How-be-it, they saw the Negro swerve from the street, dart through the Rittons' gate, dash down the walk, and enter the Ritton house. Less than five minutes afterwards they, themselves, pursued the Negro step by step into the building; to find upon entering it a room so spacious that the several pieces of fine old furniture arranged within it did not dispel an effect of emptiness, while the brilliant light of early afternoon showered upon everything, sparklingly, as if to say, 'No place to hide in here' and over beside an open window old lady Ritton sat very calmly, knitting. And upon being questioned she had strenuously denied that a black man had preceded them into her chamber.

"Finally the point was reached, when the defendant took the stand. And the Lord knows, so much depended, that is, as far as I was concerned, upon what she would or would not say—well, what she said, makes my story.

" 'Gentlemen, the thing you desire me to tell you, I cannot. Though, I think if I could make you understand a little of my feelings, you will cease—all of you being gentlemen—endeavoring to force me to divulge my secret.

" 'You, all of you, have been born so unfettered that you have responded to your every impulse; perhaps it will be hard to realize the gamut of my restraint, when I swear to you, gentlemen, that in all my life, I have experienced no great passion and responded to the urge of only two impulses—two—but two—and these, gentlemen, have become for me a sacred trust.

" 'It was years ago when I felt the first impulse and answered it. It has no apparent connection with the present occurrence.

Yet, possibly, for no other reason than an old lady's imagining, the memory of that first occasion has leaped across the years to interlace itself with this.

"'Wait, gentlemen. I will tell you all about it. This turbulence has awakened old dreams and old longings and opened the doors of yester-years in the midst of an old lady's musing; but it is worth all the worry. Yes, 'tis worth it.

"'It is strange what mighty chains are forged by impulses and none of us know the strength that is required to break them. My first impulse wrought me much of happiness—very much happiness, gentlemen. Bear with an old lady's rambling—your Honor, and I shall relate just how it happened.

"'I was ten years old, when my master—

"'Pardon? Yes? Yes, Sirs—My master.

"'I was ten years old; when my master gave up his small holdings in the South and came West with his family, his wife,—my mistress—a daughter and two sons and myself. We traveled what was then the tortuous trail that began east of the Mississippi and ended in the rolling plains beside the Rio Grande. Our trip lasted a fortnight longer than we expected or had planned for. Once along the way, we were robbed. Again, we were forced to break camp and flee because a warring band of Indians was drawing near. Afterwards, we found to our dismay, that a box of provisions had been forgotten or had been lost. Misfortune kept very close to us throughout our journey, our food was all but gone. There was wild game for the killing, but ammunition was too precious to be squandered in such manner. Master had already given the command that we were to hold in our stomachs and draw in our belts until we reached some point where we could restock our fast dwindling supplies.

"'One day, an hour before sun-down, we struck camp in a very lovely spot—a sloping hill-side covered with dwarf cedars and scrub oaks, a hill-side that undulated and sloped until it merged into a sandy-golden bottomed ravine. We pitched our camp in a sheltered nook in this ravine. The golden sand still warm from the day's sunshine made a luxurious resting place for our weary bodies. Below us, a spring trickled up through the earth and spread like lengths of sheerest silk over the bed of sand.

"'In a little while our camp-fire was sending up curling smoke-wreaths, smoke-blue into the balmy air and a pot of boiling coffee—our very last—added its fragrance to the spice of cedars and the pungency of oaks. Sundown came on, and a great beauty settled over everything. Nature was flaunting that side of herself which she reveals to the wanderer in solitary places: the shy kisses she bestows upon the Mountain's brow and, passion-warmed, glows in flagrant colors of the sunset; the tender embrace with which she wraps the plains and the glistening peace shines again in sparkling stars. Beauty that is serene and beauty that brings peace and calm and happiness and is never found in towns or crowded cities.

"'Our three hounds—faithful brutes that had trailed beside us all the weary miles—sat on their haunches and lifted their heads to send up long and doleful cries into the stillness.

"'"Here——here——" cried Master. "Quit that!—Come, come, we'll take a walk and maybe scare up something to fill the pot tomorrow." He ended by whistling to the prancing dogs and they were off. Up the hillside they went, the dogs, noses to earth, skulking at Master's heels or plunging into the under-brush on a make-believe scent.

"'I sat in the warm sand, a lonely slave-child, watching Master and the dogs until they reached the hill-top. Almost on the instant, the dogs scared up a rabbit. What a din they made yelping, yip, yap, yap and Master halooing and urging them to the race. The frightened rabbit ran like the wind, a living atom with the speed of a flying arrow. Straight as a shooting star, it sped: until turning suddenly it began bounding back along the way it had come. The ruse worked. The dogs sped past, hot on his trail of the dodging rabbit, many paces forward before they were able to stop short and pick up the scent once more. And the rabbit ran, oh, how he ran tumbling, darting, swirling down the hillside, terror-mad, fright-blind, on he came, the dogs on his trail once more, bounding length over length behind him. One last frantic dash, one desperate leap and the rabbit plunged into my lap. I covered the tiny

trembling creature with my hands, just in time, before the great hounds sprang towards me. With great effort I kept them off and managed to conceal my captive in the large old-fashioned pocket of my wide skirt.

"'Master, disgruntled at his dogs and quite ireful—it is no little thing for a hungry man to see a tempting morsel escape him—came up to question me. "That rabbit—that rabbit—which way did it go?"

"'When I replied "Don't know", he became quite angry and beat me. Gentlemen, the scars of that long ago flogging I shall carry to my grave. Our food was nearly gone and it was I, the slave-girl, who knew the lack most sorely. But I did not give the rabbit over to my master.

"She paused a little while and in all my life I never before knew such quiet; you could actually feel the silence.

"'It is strange, strange how far reaching the consequences of an impulse may be. Howard, my master's son, witnessed everything. He had always teased me. His favorite pastime had been to annoy the slave-girl with his pranks, but he changed from that day. That day, when he saw his father beat me. And it was he, Gentlemen, who taught me to forget the scars of serfdom and taught me the joys of freedom. In all truth, Sirs, I am the widow of Colonel Howard Monroe Ritton of Westview.'

"There is no use trying to tell you about that," declared Timothy. "It's an experience as indescribable as it is unforgettable. That little old white-haired woman standing alone in the midst of all those hostile people, tearing apart with such simple words the whole fabric of her life. I think it was her loveliness that held them spell-bound; the power of her beauty, that kept them straining their ears to catch every word she said. As if suddenly awakened to her surroundings, she cleared her throat nervously, and hurriedly concluded her story.

"'The necessity of my being here, Gentlemen, is the outcome of my second impulse, an impulse, Gentlemen, nothing more. Each afternoon I sit in my west chamber beside my sunny windows, there is a whole beautiful row of them, as one can see by passing along the street . . . I like the sunshine which pours through them of an afternoon, and I like to knit. And I like to watch the passersby. And, I think, Gentlemen, whenever I sit there I can recall more easily the things that are passed, the old friends, the old places, the old loves and the old hurts, which, somehow, have no longer the power to bring pain.

"'So I was peering—my eyes are not so good—into the street and I saw a cloud of dust, all of a sudden. I thrust my head a little ways through the window, then, I saw a man running; on looking closer, I saw that he was black.

"'Then a queer thing happened, Gentlemen; the first time in years on years, I remembered the days of my bondage. And curiously, yes, curiously, I recalled. Wait. No, I did not recall it. I swear to you, Gentlemen, a picture formed before me; a hilly slope overgrown with trees of scrub oak and dwarf cedars—a golden sand-bottomed ravine and twilight falling upon miles on miles of wind-swept prairie, and peace, sweet and warm and kind, brushing my soul and turning my thoughts towards God. And I heard it, the strident yelps of three strong dogs. I saw it—a tiny furry rabbit running for its life. I tell you—it was real, Gentlemen. And while I looked, it faded—changed—glowed into another picture—the one that was being enacted out in the street. It glimmered back to fancy and flashed again to fact, so swiftly, I could not distinguish which. Then, Sirs, they merged and both were one . . . The black man who was running so wildly was only a little terror-mad rabbit. The three stout gentlemen there, (she pointed, quite like a child toward the fat policemen, while a ripple of laughter floated across the room), and the crowd which followed after, very strangely, Gentlemen, every person in it had the visage of my master. I think, I cried out at that, Sirs. Yes. Certainly. I cried—at that.

"'Then the black man was in my presence, inside my sunny west-chamber, and I was forced to act—act quickly—.

"'The picture had to be finished, Gentlemen. The rabbit, no, the man—had to be protected. Thank you, Sirs. That is all.'

"Yes," said Timothy Phipps, pensively. "I was the running black gentleman in the story——" He tilted his head a bit backwards and sideways and laughed. His laughter echoing—joy—joy—joy!

The Little Page

Things That Children Will Love and Learn; a Contribution of Poetry and Information

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

CALENDAR CHAT

OF what do you think I am going to talk this month?

Of those poor fellows that nobody loves, the crows. They are very unpopular because they steal. If they hung about the farm yards to feast upon worms that would destroy the fruit trees, and were thus a real help like the oriole or even the fat clumsy flicker that flies to the lawns after summer showers to peck in the dripping grasses, then crows would not be looked upon as outlaws and foragers, but as it is—well, I am sure that people wish these birds would fly far, far away for the winter and never come back.

But this does not happen. They stay in forests behind the tracts of the busy farmer season in and season out. They fly up in noisy throngs to steal grain, for they love what the farmer has labored to raise.

Wonderful little bluebird boxes are built about the home to encourage these gentle birds to come there, but as for the crows, people are kept busy planning and erecting terrible-looking old women in tattered aprons or tramp-like men with straw legs and straw arms outstretched wildly with the winds flapping their baggy sleeves.

All this to scare away the crows.

But they come right on and peck at the corn fields from autumn till springtime. You will notice them in a garden plot some fine October day strutting about among the flaming gold pumpkins and great fawn-colored shocks of corn as though they, the crows, had planted all this. Again you see them feasting, hanging upright to a corn stalk like a black ear of corn.

All winter you catch their wild CAW, CAW, CAWS as they go back to their woodland home after a barn-yard feast. When the red evening burns with a mocking glow behind black forests and all earth is muffled to muteness by the cold, the crows go to the oaks from which all leaves have been stripped.

They go to the cold, old oaks that were standing just so when Indians built red fires over the countryside. They go to those oaks that screech together in their dryness and nakedness and laugh at the crows that settle on topmost boughs as the winds gather speed and bitterness for the night.

One well-beloved nature writer—is it Dallas Lore Sharp or Walter Prichard Eaton—tells of the crows' outdoor life, their sleeping with one side of the head tucked beneath feathers, the other side exposed to the severest weather, often as a result having the uncovered eye frozen, so that many aged crows have but a single eye.

They live to be very old. Tennyson in *Locksley Hall* speaks of "the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home". His fighting through winters is the greatest thing that a crow does. He contributes nothing to the glory of spring.

The lark flits up from frozen meadows with a song. The chickadee changes his winter chirp to a love tune. And this is my NEW YEAR lesson, Boy and Girl.

Do not just meet the years as they come on, one after one, one after one, and simply take from each all that you can gather. Give something back to the years, if it is only a song as faint as the blue-bird's. For all of righteousness that you lend to TIME you lend to GOD.

The Bakery at Christmas

The bakery shop, it smells so good,
A-scenting up the neighborhood
With golden buns and big mince pies
And sugared cakes with raisin eyes!
At Christmas time, if this could be,
It smells still better yet to me.
I think it's from the choc'late drops,
Or ginger loaves with currant tops.
These Christmas smells steal through the glass
And meet the people as they pass.

NEW YEAR AND YOUNG YEAR

New Year and young Year,
What do you bring?
True cheer and strong cheer,
Hopes on the wing!
Send them a-flying
Forward to Spring.

INDOORS IN JANUARY

IN THE MORNING

I like to brush my father's clothes,
When I remember to,
Before he sets off for the day,
When breakfast is just through,

His hand goes to his pocket quick!
He says, "Thanks, my valet",
And puts a penny on my head,
And hurries on away.

THE GYPSY TENT

I wonder if you've ever made
A gypsy tent in bed.
You get a cane to hold the sheet
Peaked up above your head,
Then put the pillows round the cane,
Close so it will not fall,
Stretch gypsy fashion on your back
Till you hear mother call.

OUT-OF-DOORS IN JANUARY

CLOUD SHEEP

I'm certain cloud sheep don't get cold.
I watch them strolling to the fold
Against a sky of gray
The coldest winter day.
Great sheep and small ones loiter on
Till feet float off, and heads are gone.
Perhaps they meet a polar bear—
Great fluffy fellow in the air—
Or bump into a house of lace
With turrets tottering into space,
Or walk through gardens white as snow.
On, on all day the cloud sheep go.
They have their pastures overhead
Where long white lanes and fields are spread.

ON SKATES

Sometimes I play I am a ship,
And sail out on the ice,
My chest the bow, my arms the sails,
Under the winter skies.
My feet are rudders that bear me
Swiftly across the frozen "sea"—
In summer it is just the pond
Of which our ducks and geese are fond.

BUBBLES FROM THE HAND

I can blow bubbles from my hand.
They're all egg-shaped and deep.
I make them with the greatest care,
And see how long they'll keep.

ROUND RED APPLES

The round red apples seem to be
Most apple-like of all to me.
I mean when they are red, oh, very
Just like some great, big, bright cranberry.

A POSTSCRIPT

I am just opening my door to hurry out and post this LITTLE PAGE for THE CRISIS. Something blows briskly past me in through the door.

What is it, a New Year's gift?

It is a great big brown poplar leaf, leathery and moist. It seems to have fluttered in for me to mail with the LITTLE PAGE. But I cannot do this. The leaf is wet. What then?

I shall imagine that it has written upon it a message from Mother Robin to one of her last brood of speckled fledglings. Perhaps she has jotted down points for nest building in the spring. We might read this on the cold leaf:

"NEST POINTS"

"Very, very slightly oval. Measures across top from oval points, 4 and 7/8 inches. Shortest way across top, 4 and 3/16 inches. Depth at deepest point, 4 and 7/8 inches.

"Mud and rootlets and cord on the outside, and weed stems. Cement with mud to the tree fork. Next, the MUD CUP with tiny straws worked through to give firmness.

"Finally, the INNER BASKET, or baby's mattress, of fine shredded stems and thin rootlets. This third basket lies soft and loose within the other walls.

"MOTHER ROBIN.

"P. S. You understand that the little mattress basket can be taken out quite separate from the others. M. R."

The Sweet Trial

The Assistant Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P. "Covered" the Trial of the Negroes of Detroit Who Were Tried for Murder Because They Defended Their Home Against a Mob

WALTER WHITE

AT half-past three in the afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving, Judge Frank Murphy of the Recorder's Court of Detroit finished reading his charge to the jury and turned over to that body for decision the now famous case of The People of the State of Michigan vs. Ossian H. Sweet *et al.*

Seldom in any court has a more impartial, learned or complete charge to a jury been heard. As was evidenced throughout the case, Judge Murphy was exerting every effort at his command to assure to the eleven defendants a completely fair trial. His charge to the jury reached its dramatic climax when in a voice filled with emotion and sincerity, he declared:

"Dr. Sweet has the same right under the law to purchase and occupy the dwelling house on Garland Avenue as any other man. Under the law, a man's house is his castle. It is his castle, whether he is white or black, and no man has the right to assail or invade it. The Negro is now by the Constitution of the United States given full citizenship with the white man and all the rights and privileges of citizenship attend him wherever he goes."

The jury retired. All afternoon and far into the night anxious crowds thronged the court room and the corridors without. From the jury room could be heard the muffled voices of the jury raised in anger but the door remained closed. Shortly after midnight, a message was sent to Judge Murphy asking for further instructions. Out came the jury with haggard faces and listened to Judge Murphy as he re-read the parts of his charge referring to justifiable self-defense.

Back into the jury room filed the twelve men. Again voices were heard in argument. At 2:15 Thanksgiving morning, Judge Murphy summoned the jury to permit them to go to bed. The court room was so crowded that court attendants had to use force in getting enough space in front of the judge's dais to permit the jury to stand. Ninety-five per cent of the crowd was composed of Negroes, hope and fear and apprehension and questioning in their faces, asking if justice could be secured for eleven black defendants in a white man's court and at the hands of a white judge and a white jury.

Early on Thanksgiving morning, the jury resumed its deliberations. All day long the court room remained full, hundreds of people going without Thanksgiving dinner for fear that the jury's verdict might be rendered when they were away eating. Towards midnight of the second day, the jury, yet deadlocked, was allowed to retire.

At 1:30 in the afternoon of November 27th, the jury sent word again to Judge Murphy that there was no hope of their reaching a decision. At the end of forty-six hours of deliberation, Judge Murphy declared a mistrial and thanked and dismissed the jurors.

Thus ended the first trial of the case which has stirred Negro America as no other case has ever moved it. Within fifteen years, the Negro population of Detroit has been multiplied by ten, jumping from eight thousand in 1911 to 81,831 by 1925 as a result of the stoppage of immigration from Europe and increased activity on the part of Northern industries. Negroes during and after the war worked in the plants of Detroit, made money and saved it. As has been said many times, it is obvious that eighty-one thousand people cannot live in the homes which housed eight thousand peop'e thirteen years ago. Since 1916 there has been gradual and necessary penetration by Negro home buyers of neighborhoods which hitherto have been occupied by white people. There has been practically no trouble attendant upon these so-called "invasions" until the last year or two. People in Detroit have been so busy earning money that they have not had time to nourish and develop racial or other prejudices. With the exception of a few

minor clashes, Detroit has been without doubt one of the fairest cities in the country so far as its treatment of Negroes is concerned.

About two years ago, the Ku Klux Klan started a campaign to capture control of Detroit. This was a part of the movement to gain control of that city and, that purpose gained, make similar efforts to gain control of other Northern cities based upon success in Detroit. Whether a part of that campaign or not, fully ninety per cent of the policemen who have gained positions on the Detroit police force during the past two years have been Southern whites. Charles Bowles, an obscure attorney, was put up as the Klan candidate for Mayor. A little more than a year ago, he secured as the result of Klan support approximately one hundred thousand votes in a mayoralty primary, his name being written in on the ballots. In 1925, he was again a candidate, running against the present incumbent, John W. Smith, who is a Catholic. In the campaign which ended in November, out of approximately a quarter of a million votes, Bowles was defeated by Smith by a narrow margin of about thirty thousand votes.

In order to gain this strength, the Klan has capitalized and stirred up bitter racial and religious animosities. Early in 1925 there began a series of attacks on the homes of Negroes which reached its most serious stage up to that time in the attack last June upon the home of Dr. A. L. Turner, a respected Negro physician of Detroit. Dr. Turner was driven out of his house, forced to sign an agreement to sell his newly acquired home on Spokane Avenue, his furniture smashed, and he and Mrs. Turner attacked by the mob as they drove away. Practically nothing was done by the police to prevent this attack.

Dr. Ossian H. Sweet, a young Negro physician who is a graduate of Wilberforce and Howard Universities and who has done post-graduate work in pediatrics and gynecology at the Universities of Vienna and Paris, bought a home on Garland Avenue last May. Because of threats against him, Dr. Sweet deferred moving into his new house for two months and a half. He did move in on September 8th, the day after Labor Day. That night a mob gathered but no attack was made on the house. The following evening a larger crowd gathered and stoned the house. In the excitement shots were fired and one member of the mob fell dead and one was wounded.

Police officers, including a deputy superintendent of police, an inspector, a lieutenant, a sergeant, and eight officers, were galvanized into action. They rushed into the house, arrested Dr. Sweet, his wife, Mrs. Gladys B. Sweet, mother of a fourteen months old baby, and nine other occupants of the house. In September, the eleven defendants were given a preliminary hearing before the late Judge John Faust. All were held without bail charged with murder in the first degree.

After remaining in jail for a month, Mrs. Sweet was finally released on bail. In her early twenties, weighing but little more than a hundred pounds, a well educated and intelligent young woman, certain elements in Detroit felt that she was so grave a menace to society that a number of threats were made against the judge for releasing her on bail. From this may be learned the intensity of feeling against the eleven defendants.

The N. A. A. C. P., realizing the very great issue involved and feeling that this case represented the dramatic high point of the nation-wide issue of segregation, entered the case, throwing all of its resources without stint into the defense. If the right of a Negro to defend his home against a mob is to be denied him, the N. A. A. C. P. felt that very grave consequences would follow. It was felt also that a successful defense would serve notice upon members of other mobs that decent white and colored people throughout the country had determined to put an end to the unwarranted attacks which had been made with impunity by other mobs upon the persons and property of Negroes. Again, a completely fair trial to Dr. and Mrs. Sweet and their co-defendants would give hope to Negroes throughout the country that their lot was not as hopeless as it sometimes appears to be.

For these reasons, the N. A. A. C. P. retained the most eminent array of counsel which, according to the general consensus of opinion, had ever been engaged for a trial in any Michigan court. Clarence Darrow of Chicago, generally regarded as the greatest criminal lawyer in Amer-

ica and perhaps in the world, was secured as chief counsel. Mr. Darrow, because of his great interest in the case and because of his broad humanitarianism, agreed to serve at a fee which was approximately one-tenth of what he would ordinarily receive in a case of this magnitude. Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays of New York, one of the eminent criminal attorneys of America who was associated with Mr. Darrow in the famous Evolution Case at Dayton, Tennessee, agreed also to enter the case at a nominal fee. Other attorneys secured were Mr. Walter M. Nelson, a prominent white attorney of Detroit, and Messrs. Julian Perry, Cecil Rowlette and Charles Mahoney, colored attorneys of Detroit. Mr. Herbert J. Friedman of Chicago volunteered his services and assisted in the trial without fee.

The trial began on October 30th. At the very outset, Mr. Hays demanded and secured a Bill of Particulars. Prosecutor Robert M. Toms thereupon filed a Bill which particularized as follows:

"The theory of the people in this case is that the defendants premeditatedly and with malice aforethought, banded themselves together and armed themselves with the common understanding and agreement that one or more of them would shoot to kill, in the event, first, of threatened or actual trespass on the property wherein they were assembled, or, second, of the infliction of any damage, real or threatened, however slight, to the persons or property of them or any of them. Further, that deceased came to his death by a bullet fired by one of the defendants, aided and abetted by all of the others, in furtherance of their common understanding as above set forth. Further, that such understanding and agreement was to commit an unlawful act, to wit, to shoot to kill without legal justification or excuse."

The purpose in demanding this Bill of Particulars was to force the State to confine its testimony to the proving of a specific thing rather than permit the State to maintain at the conclusion of the trial that it had set out to prove whatever it had happened to prove during the trial.

Through nearly three weeks the State put on its witnesses. Man after man, woman after woman, went on the stand and declared that there were only twelve or fifteen people around the Sweet home on the night of September 9th. The contentions of these witnesses as to the number of persons actually present was somewhat amusing inasmuch as the State in filing names and addresses of the witnesses it intended to call listed seventy-one eye-witnesses to the shooting. The purpose of the testimony giving the figures of bystanders at so low a figure can be understood from the fact that the Michigan law provides that a mob consists of "twelve or more persons armed with clubs or other dangerous weapons or of thirty or more persons armed or unarmed."

The State's case began to crumble under the cross-examination of Mr. Darrow and Mr. Hays. For example, Dwight Morrow, a prosecution witness, was asked by Mr. Toms what he saw at Garland and Charlevoix Avenue on the night of September 9th. Morrow answered: "Well, there were —a great number of people and the officers—I won't say a great number—there were a large—there were a few people there and the officers—"

Under cross-examination by Mr. Darrow, this statement was recalled to Morrow's attention. Mr. Darrow asked Morrow:

Q. "You kind of forgot you were to say a few people, didn't you when you started in?"

A. "Yes, Sir." . . .

Again, Norton Schuknecht, Inspector of Police in charge of the Fifth Precinct, testified that he on the night of September 9th was standing at the corner of Charlevoix and Garland Avenues which location was in his precinct. Inspector Schuknecht testified there were no crowds congregated nor any disturbance but that there were around seventy-five people near Dr. Sweet's house, but he also declared that he had found it necessary to station two traffic officers near the house to divert traffic. Several days later, Deputy Superintendent of Police Sprott testified that he was present also on September 9th, that there were no people around the house, that there were four traffic officers and that *he* had stationed them there. These are but a few of the many contradictions on the part of prosecution witnesses which were brought out through cross-examination by the defense attorneys. By the time that the prosecution's testimony was in, it was clearly evident that there was a large crowd present and the prosecution itself introduced a

number of stones which were taken from the inside and the roof of the Sweet home.

At the close of the prosecution's case, a motion was made by the defense for a directed verdict inasmuch as the State had wholly failed to prove the conspiracy which it had set forth to prove according to its Bill of Particulars. Judge Murphy denied the motion but granted the right to the defense to renew the motion at the conclusion of the presentation of the defense testimony.

Defense witnesses were then placed on the stand. A number of them told of the threats made against Dr. Sweet and Mrs. Smith from whom Dr. Sweet had purchased the house and of the actual attack upon the house. Four colored witnesses, who happened to be driving in the vicinity of the Sweet home on the night in question and who were attacked and beaten by the mob when they unwittingly drove near the Sweet home, told of their experiences.

The dramatic climax of the trial was reached when Dr. Ossian H. Sweet himself was placed on the stand. Over the objection of the prosecution, the entire background of Dr. Sweet was entered into the record. He told of his birth in a small Florida town, of his leaving home at the age of fourteen to go to Wilberforce University, of his arrival there only to find that the Scholarship Fund through which he had hoped to get an education had been exhausted. Simply, directly and convincingly, Dr. Sweet told of his efforts to gain an education. He told of the years he had worked as a bell boy, shovelling snow, waiting table, firing furnaces and at the same time carrying on his studies until he had finished the academic and college courses at Wilberforce. He then related how he had worked his way through Howard University Medical School and, though he was without funds, he had determined to go to Europe and there pursue his studies at the Universities of Vienna and Paris.

He told, too, how during a campaign for funds by the American Hospital at Paris he had given what he could to that hospital—some three hundred francs—a gift which meant certain privations for himself and wife; and then later when he made application for Mrs. Sweet to enter that hospital to give birth to a daughter, how she had been denied admission because of the colored blood within her veins.

Then there were brought out the things which had most definitely influenced Dr. Sweet's mind in its reactions toward American mobs. A race riot a few years ago at Orlando, Florida, where Dr. Sweet was born, in which several colored people were killed and the homes of a number of Negroes burned; of the Tulsa riot in 1921 when Dr. Jackson, eminent Negro surgeon, was shot and killed in cold blood after he had been guaranteed protection by the police force; of the Phillips County, Arkansas, Riots in 1919 when the four Johnson brothers, one of them a physician and another a dentist, had been ambushed through treachery and killed; of the Washington race riots in 1919 when Dr. Sweet had seen a colored man dragged from a street car and beaten to death; of the Chicago race riots of that same year when a cousin of Mrs. Sweet, a police officer, had been forced to go to trial when he in clear self-defense had killed a member of the mob which was attacking him; of the terrible riots at East St. Louis in 1917. All of these things were brought out through adroit questioning to show the state of mind of the eleven Negroes within the house on the night of September 9th at 2905 Garland Avenue, Detroit. As Mr. Darrow pointed out convincingly to the court, the theory of a reasonable man as propounded by the State could not possibly mean in this case the attitude of a white man but must necessarily be that of a Negro with a white mob outside and in the Negro's brain a picture of what similar mobs have done to Negroes during the last sixty years in America.

By the time the case was ready to go to the jury, it was freely predicted throughout Detroit that the case could not possibly end in anything other than acquittal for all eleven defendants. The newspapers of Detroit gave full and impartial reports of the trial, for thirty days featuring the story on the front page. As a result of this impartial reporting, the decent and fair minded element in Detroit had been informed to such an extent that sympathy had swung definitely toward the defendants—a very marked contrast to feeling in the city prior to the entry of the N. A. A. C. P. and Mr. Darrow into the case.

On the other hand, the anti-Negro senti-

ment, and especially that represented by such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan and the Waterworks Park Improvement Association which had been formed for the purpose of keeping Dr. Sweet from occupying his home, definitely became very bitter as the case went on. Because of the feeling on the part of the two groups just mentioned, it is reasonably certain that all eleven defendants would have been convicted had it not been for the work of the attorneys engaged and the efforts of the N. A. A. C. P. both in retaining these attorneys and in conducting the case and in the efforts of the N. A. A. C. P. in placing before the people of Detroit the actual facts in the case to displace the half truths and untruths which had stirred such hostility against the defendants.

The case has cost the N. A. A. C. P. upwards of $20,000. A new trial has been set for the first week in January. Mr. Darrow announced to the court that it was probable that the defense would ask for separate trials for the eleven defendants. With renewed vigor, the N. A. A. C. P. is going into the case again determined to see it through to the end and to secure complete justice for the defendants.

After the mistrial, Messrs. Darrow and Hays made a motion for the admission to bail of the defendants. Eight of them were freed on bail of $5,500 each while three others, Dr. Ossian H. Sweet, Henry Sweet and Leonard C. Morse, were freed on bail of $10,000 each. This bail has been almost entirely furnished by Negro property owners of Detroit.

The Oute

I ENCLOSE a check to avail myself of a renewal and the special offer of Mr. Johnson's poems.

I have been an interested reader of THE CRISIS and have passed it on, sometimes, because I would interest others in the fair and Christian attitude toward all race problems. At times I have been almost fearful about calling attention to it lest the occasional bitter strain should repel rather than encourage the attitude one wishes to see between races. This I say in frankness and with a real understanding of how bitterness must often arise in the hearts of those who do not have a square deal. If on the rebound others do not receive due fairness I for one do not wish to flinch because one may endure once or twice with good grace in contrast to much that must be endured by others.

Simply to illustrate my point—in some issue in the Spring there was a slur upon "Quakers who with no loss to themselves" endorsed the cause of the slave. I fear that this does not come strictly under the heading of truth. In the days of the Underground Railroad relatives of mine suffered for the cause of the colored man and there were Southern Quakers who for conscience sake met financial loss if I have been correctly informed.

I meant not to say so much in personal strain. I wish the paper well and the great cause itself. I am impressed that conciliation is sometimes better than attack but the latter may be a better tool in the hands of some than others.

West Roxbury, Mass.

Sault de Sainte Marie, Mich.

The general charge involved in the criticisms by General Bullard is that the Negro is not a fighter. For you to call names is unnecessary. All you have to do is to point to the records of the Zulus and Abyssinians (who are of course Negroes) and to the Somali and to the Masai and to the men of Lobengula and others. Annals of history are filled with the bravery of the Negro. He was brave in the war of the states and he went up San Juan Hill and saved the day for Roosevelt. Wild or tame he is not a physical coward.

The influence of THE CRISIS is vast but is not always good for the Negro. I think you should teach him to win by moral superiority; by patience; by better work; by forgiveness; by mercy and tolerance; by the ethical virtues. He can win this way and no other, and while winning can teach and lead the whites by example to better

and higher things. But to be always with a chip; to point out the wrongs inflicted by the whites; to redress these in kind and to copy all the white man's meanness instead of his virtues will not help the Negro on the way.

General Bullard's attitude is to be regretted, but even so you can not do better than to forgive him and be sorry for him. I know him well and admire him, but I do wish he had given both sides of the Negro story of the big war and other wars. If untaught Dingan Sulu and Tchaka and Cetewayo could rise to the perfection as tacticians and leaders they did, there is no gainsaying the quality of the Negro in war. But it is in peace that all of us need leadership. And towards peace the road does not run in anger and reprisal and malice and bitterness. Civilization is neither black nor white; nor is truth; nor is gentility; nor mercy; nor forgiveness. Ghandi almost knows the way. And surely Christ pointed it.

CHASE S. OSBORN.

Kimberley, South Africa,
15 March, '25.

The native outlook, never too good, is not very rosy just now. Last year the overbearing section of the Boer population joined hands with the lily-white Trade Unionists of South Africa and swept General Smuts and his crowd out of office. The Boers are now in the saddle, with General Hertzog at the helm, and they do ride the high horse. They are discussing in Parliament now a Bill to empower the Minister of Industries to license every mechanic and refuse such licenses to Natives and Asiatics. It says nothing about the Mulatto but their turn is surely coming. Another Bill wants the children of every farm-labourer to be indentured as peons to the land-owner. One redeeming feature, however, is that the English and moderate Boers are being smoked out of the higher offices. In the Cape Province, where we have the franchise, Smuts and his followers retained their seats wherever we had some votes. In a number of constituencies, including Kimberley, the whites were about evenly divided and the non-white vote combined to retain the seats for Smuts. They do not say so but from their actions they unmistakably realize that by selling out the political birthright of the non-European in three out of the four provinces they incidentally cut their own throat. In the whole of the Orange Free State, where no blacks may vote, Smuts lost every seat. Cabinet Ministers representing Transvaal constituencies including General Smuts himself, all except one got unseated—a safe seat had to be found for General Smuts after the election.

I presume that you are aware that some friends in Chicago helped us to procure a moving picture projector before I came back. Mr. Henry Ford and Dr. Moton each gave me very valuable reels. The combination has helped me to get round a bit to show and tell our people what I heard and saw over there. Perhaps you do not happen to know that "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" regarded by Europe and America as of outstanding merit was banned by the Censors in this country and any of the commercial films showing the slightest familiarity between Coloured and White are either pruned or entirely suppressed. But there are a few coloured pictures I saw in America that could be very enlightening to the Natives without provoking the ban of the Censors. Let me mention at least one and I hope you will try and secure a copy of it for me at a reasonable figure. It was by Afro-American Film Exhibitors Company of 1520 E. 12th Street, Kansas City, Mo., and showed the cowboys on the "Bar L" farm, one of the finest farms in the South and a beautiful home which I was informed was not on the farm at all but the magnificent residence of Madam Walker in the Hudson Valley. I do like to get it and show our people not merely scenarios and unknown people but magnificent places, a farm and home, owned by black people. I wrote to the Negro firm but the letter was returned undelivered. . . . Please do what you can to ship that film out. I have seen it myself and there was nothing in it to upset the susceptibilities of the Cape Town Censors. I should like to show "Sunshine Sammy" as an encouragement for South African native children; but he plays with white folks and it would ruin my struggling mission to pay heavy duty on a reel only to have it suppressed by the Censors.

The Horizon

¶ Progress during the year on the part of the Colored Department of the Y. M. C. A. has been as follows: Number of associations, 32,341; participants in association activities, 415,000; participants in physical activities, 10,124; participants in all forms of religious meetings, 457,400; personal interviews, 6,752; operating expense $704,000; income $682,200. The branches are 97 per cent self-supporting. Eight Negroes hold membership in the National Council. At the last session of the council, Dr. W. T. Nelson of Cincinnati was elected a Vice-Chairman and Dr. John Hope of Morehouse was elected a member of the General Board of Thirty-Six.

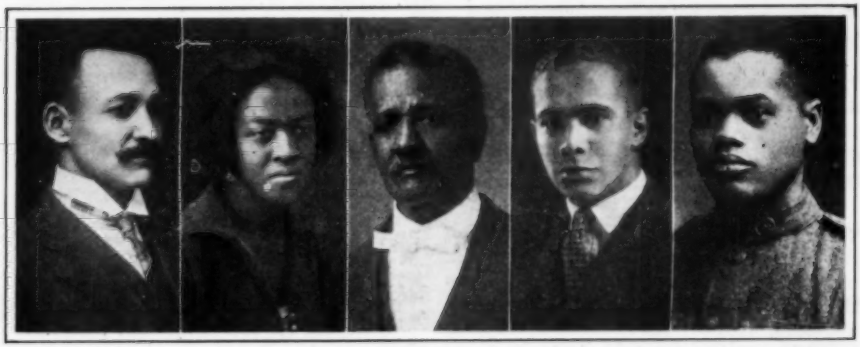
¶ The *Revue du Vrai et du Beau* (Review of the True and the Beautiful), a Paris magazine, commends very highly the art of Albert Smith whose work often occurs on the cover and in the pages of THE CRISIS. It dwells specially on his works entitled "The Wrestler", "Southern Melodies" and "The Exchange at Pau" and ends by prophesying for him a brilliant career.

¶ Alexander E. Gatewood, tenor, made his initial appearance in a song recital in New York, December 21, at the International House. Mr. Gatewood has won two scholarships for advanced study in music and is in the East now on a fellowship of the Juilliard Musical Foundation.

¶ A dental college for women has been opened in the Philippines in Manila. The dean is a woman dentist.

¶ The Carnegie Foundation has given the sum of $37,500 to the Jeanes Fund officers for the purpose of extending the work of that fund into Africa. It will be used in providing or supervising teachers.

THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDING FOR THE COLORED Y. M. C. A., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, PLANNED BY A COLORED ARCHITECT.



Dr. G. G. Brown Miss Pinkney J. M. Arter W. M. Cobb T. L. Dabney

¶ We noted last July the death of Dr. Grant G. Brown of Wichita, Kansas. He was a brother of Dr. Amanda V. Gray-Hilyer and a man of wide influence.

¶ One of the two $500 scholarships provided by the American Fund for Public Service to the Brookwood Labor College has been awarded to Floria Pinkney of Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Pinkney is a draper by trade and has had a wide range of experience in industrial movements. She has been delegate to conferences held at Bayonne, Summit Lake, Prospect Camp; president of Chummies' Club of the Ashland Y. W. C. A. and president of the Brooklyn Industrial League for 1925. This is an organization composed of employed girls of all branches of the Brooklyn Y. W. C. A. When elected president Miss Pinkney received twice as many votes as the white girl nominated although there was only a small number of colored voters.

¶ The other scholarship has been awarded to Thomas L. Dabney, a graduate of Virginia Union University and a man long useful in racial and industrial activities. He organized a junior branch of the N. A. A. C. P. at Union. He has also done some teaching but has recently determined to devote himself to the development of the Negro in modern industry and to this end is entering Brookwood, the leading labor college of the country.

¶ William Montague Cobb, graduate of Amherst, 1925, distinguished himself both in letters and athletics during his four years' course. He was awarded the 'Varsity letter for track work during his first, second and third years, and also held the intra-mural championships in boxing in the 135 and 145 pound class in his third and fourth year respectively. On graduation he was awarded the Blodgett Scholarship to the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Mass., for highest proficiency in biology.

¶ The late Rev. Jared M. Arter, librarian of the National Training School at Lincoln Heights, Washington, D. C., was a graduate of Storer College and of the Chicago Theological Seminary. He had been principal of Manning Bible School, Cairo, Ill., president of West Virginia College and Seminary, professor in Virginia Theological Seminary and from time to time teacher at Storer College. He is survived by a son and widow.

¶ Carnegie medals for bravery have been awarded the following colored men: To Robert J. Royal for his rescue of Albert E. Roby from a cave-in in a mine; to William W. Cagle of Baltimore, Md., for his rescue of Roy C. Binebrink from suffocation in a man-hole; and to the widow of Edward Mitchell, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Mitchell died attempting to save Joseph H. Waters from drowning. A half-brother of Mr. Mitchell attempted to save him, but these two as well as Mr. Waters were drowned.

¶ Mrs. A. S. Steele, a white woman founder and for many years manager of the Steele home for indigent colored children at Chattanooga, had carried on a remarkable work up to the time of her death. She was born in Massachusetts of Revolutionary and colonial ancestry and devoted her life and her fortune to the maintenance and education of 1600 colored children, al-

THE JACKSON COUNTY HOME FOR COLORED BOYS, MISSOURI

most all of whom turned out creditably. She was 83 years old when she died and although the last 40 years of her life had been consecrated to this work she had never solicited a penny of charity.

¶ Impressed by the neglect of colored juvenile delinquents, Mrs. Myrtle F. Cook of Kansas City, Mo., put the matter before the Woman's League, a colored club of that city, and was appointed chairman of a committee to advise with Judge Porterfield on methods of securing a parental home. The result has been the Jackson County Home for Colored Boys erected at a cost of $163,000 and furnished and opened in 1925.

¶ The Supreme Life and Casualty Company has dedicated its home office building at Columbus, Ohio. Its executive staff is composed of T. K. Gibson, President; Bernice Sanders, Auditor; W. A. Method, Medical Director; G. L. Gaines, General Manager; A. P. Bentley, Secretary.

¶ F. G. Bennett, welfare director of the Buckeye Steel Castings Co. of Columbus, Ohio, declares that his company has for the past ten years been replacing much of its foreign-born labor with Negro workmen. The ratio of employment is at present 50 per cent white Americans, 40 per cent Negroes and 10 per cent foreigners.

¶ A Bureau of International Research has been established at Harvard and Radcliffe through a grant from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. Among the subjects of research will be an investigation of the native African under self-government, co-

HOME OF THE SUPREME LIFE AND CASUALTY COMPANY, A COLORED INSURANCE ORGANIZATION WITH HEADQUARTERS AT COLUMBUS, OHIO

THE COLORED HOSPITAL AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, WHICH IS SOON TO BE REPLACED BY BUILDINGS COSTING $500,000

lonial administration and mandates.

¶ Bishop John Hurst of the 11th District of the A. M. E. Church reports the raising of more than a half million dollars for the state of Florida for the year just closed. He gives the following statistics: preachers 561, charges 535, full members 38,175, new members received this year 7,295. The amount of money for general purposes was $126,588.95, the amount for pastors' expenses $179,360.99, for presiding elders $38,063.96, for local purposes such as benevolences, etc., $232,890.16, making a total of $576,884.06.

¶ In Kansas City, Mo., a bond issue of $1,200,000 has been voted for hospital purposes which among other items intends to provide a 150-bed Negro hospital, plus 50 beds for children's contagious diseases; a Negro nurses' home for 50 nurses and 50 internes and a tuberculosis pavilion in one of the city's suburbs, for colored patients in the first stages of consumption.

¶ Negroes are migrating from the South to California and other western states. There are about 30,000 in Los Angeles and 25,000 in San Francisco. The attraction seems to be that of climate and new opportunities for work in cotton and lumber regions.

¶ William Volker and Frank C. Niles of Kansas City, Mo., have given $65,000 for the construction of a two-story hospital building for sick and crippled colored children.

¶ The annual conference on Negro Education was held this year at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C. Many leaders of education, religion, industry and public welfare, representatives of both races, were present. This year's discussion dealt to a large extent with teacher-training in institutions above high school.

¶ Report has it that thirty-two counties of Georgia are on the verge of financial ruin. Cotton, corn and fruit crops are total failures. Part of this condition seems to be directly traceable to the shortage of labor brought about by the migration northward of Georgia Negroes.

¶ The white and colored longshoremen of New Orleans, La., who have been on strike for the past two years have amalgamated in an effort to win better working conditions and higher wages. They will meet henceforth as one body. Harry Keegan has

N.A.A.C.P. PRIZE BABIES

Effie Marie Ribbs
2nd Prize, San Jose, Calif.

Beverly Nickerson
1st Prize, Long Beach, Cal.

Betty Glen
3rd Prize, Detroit, Mich.

Leonard Grady, Jr.
3rd Prize, Springfield, Ill.

Jack Doran Rogers
1st Prize, Spokane, Wash.

Helen Louise Johnson
2nd Prize, Toledo, Ohio

Gloria Romine
3rd Prize, Oakland, Cal.

Quinton Booker
2nd Prize, Seattle, Wash.

Felix Cooper, Jr.
1st Prize, Seattle, Wash.

Eugene Robinson
3rd Prize, St. Louis, Mo.

Richard Maxwell
1st Prize, Santa Monica, Cal.

Margaret Smith
3d Prize, Newport News, Va.

Laura Fry
3rd Prize, Harrisburg, Pa.

Estelle Lewis
2nd Prize, Long Beach, Cal.

Flora Eva Gladman
1st Prize, San Jose, Cal.

Wayman Darby, Jr.
3d Prize, Santa Monica, Cal.

THE COCOA TRADE. AMERICANS, WHITE AND BLACK, JOIN WITH AFRICANS FROM THE GOLD COAST IN DEVELOPING THE COCOA TRADE. IN THE PICTURE ARE MESSRS. W. F. TROTMAN OF NEW YORK AND AKROFI AND TACKYE O TOO OF THE GOLD COAST

been made president and Mose Johnson, former president of the Negro longshoremen, has been made vice-president.

¶ James Gaffney, one of the Houston Martyrs, has been released on parole from Fort Leavenworth. Out of the original 67 participants in the Houston riot only 22 remain imprisoned.

¶ The "Red Caps" of the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York have formed an organization consisting of 265 porters, each of whom is pledged to contribute one dollar a year to a scholarship fund for the purpose of sending a son or daughter of one of its members to college. One boy has already been sent and the men now are planning to raise an endowment fund of $6,000 the interest of which will send another boy to college. Captain C. Boyd, assistant chief of the red-caps, is a charter member of the organization.

¶ The million-dollar bond issue for school extension voted in Louisville, Ky., assures a colored extension college of the University of Louisville, together with two junior high schools and several elementary buildings.

¶ Mrs. Annie Vann Reid, a former CRISIS agent and now a successful florist, has opened a new greenhouse in Darlington, S. C. Its dimensions are 65x30 feet and it is all glass with an extension room for office and packing. It is equipped with telephone and greenhouse supplies and also with a white enamel floral refrigerator possessing an ice capacity of 375 pounds.

¶ At the last session of the Arkansas Legislature a compulsory school attendance

MRS. REID'S GREENHOUSE. A FORMER CRISIS AGENT ENGAGES IN FLORICULTURE

FACADE OF THE AFRICAN PAVILION AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF DECORATIVE ART, PARIS, 1925

bill was passed for all sightless children between the ages of 6 and 26. Consequently the Colored School for the Blind, located at Little Rock, has had its attendance immensely increased.

¶ Since March, 1907, colored cavalrymen from the 9th Cavalry have been stationed at West Point. The unit consisted at first of two officers and one hundred enlisted men. There are now three units with two hundred and twenty men.

¶ A new Orphan Home for Colored Children has been erected in Indianapolis, Indiana, at a cost of $175,000 with furnishings estimated at $29,000. Here upwards of 100 children ranging from infants to the age of 18 are cared for by more than a dozen colored workers. This school is the outcome of a movement started 60 years ago by the Friends Church. It now ranks among the most up-to-date institutions in the state of Indiana. 15 young people from its shelter are being educated at Hampton, Tuskegee, Knoxville College, Spelman College, Lincoln University, Wilberforce and Fisk.

¶ William E. Harmon has established the Harmon Foundation Fund and provided $4,000 annually for its work. This foundation will award the following prizes each year: For colored people exclusively a first award of a gold medal and $400 and a second award of a bronze medal and $100 for the most distinguished achievement in literature, music, fine arts, industry, including business, science, including invention, education and religion. For any person either white or colored a gold medal and $500 for the one who has made the greatest contribution toward improving the relations between white and Negro peoples in America. The purpose of these awards is to bring public recognition to persons who have made some worth while achievement and have not yet received such recognition. The Federal Council of Churches has the matter in charge and Dr. George E. Haynes, 105 East 22nd Street, New York, will receive applications and recommendations. Applications must be filed not later than June 1 and the first awards will be made January 1, 1927. There will be five judges for each award and at least one of them will be of Negro descent.

The Fascination of Cities

Second Prize Essay in THE CRISIS *Contest 1925*

LANGSTON HUGHES

Mr. Hughes won the third prize in poetry and the second prize in essays in our contest. His biography and portrait appeared last month. Knopf will print his first volume of poems, "The Weary Blues", this month.

The First City

DAWN is sodden, grey. The stubble of wheat fields, the hills and bluffs of the Kansas River. The clack, clack, clack of the train running between long lines of freight cars, the railroad yards. "Union Station!" "Kansas City!"

The bellowing voice of the brakesman, a jar and a curve, houses high on a bluff, a tiny street car running way up there. The old station in the bottoms. Hustle, hurry. "Cab, mom, cab?"—*This way to the street cars*—. "Bus to your hotel! Take your baggage!" Mother holds me tightly by the hand. I am five years old. I am in the city for the first time.

I remember well. Night. My uncle's house. Spare ribs and corn and sweet potatoes and a can of beer. A gala occasion. The Williams and Walker company in town. The greatest colored show in the world is in town.

"O Bon Bon Buddie,
"My chocolate drop,
"My chocolate drop
"Dat's me!"

George Walker, the beautiful brown girls, the crowded theatre, the applause, the laughter. I am five years old. The cool night air, the autos, the streets, the lights, the people affect me. "Look, mother! Oh, mother, look!" The fascination of cities seizes me, burning like a fever in the blood. "I don't want to leave this city, mamma. When I get to be a big man, I am going to live forever in this city!"

Chicago

I am fourteen. I work in a hat store in the loop. The crush of the city is all about me. The vast, ugly, brutal, monotonous city, checker-boarded, hard. The L trains circle in a crazy loop. The L trains rattle and roar behind Wabash Avenue, shaking the houses, houses, houses on Wabash Avenue. The tiny second-story room I sleep in has a window opening onto the tracks of the L trains. The red and green lights of the passing cars whiz and flash in my sleep, dreams. The approaching dull rumble, the loud rattle and roar fading to the dying dull rumble, punctuate my hours of sleep. I take long rides on the L trains, Evanston, Oak Park, Englewood. I cover the monotonous miles of Chicago delivering hats. On Sundays I walk on State Street, —glittering Broadway of the Black Belt. Lighted theatre fronts. The Whitman Sisters at the Grand. *The first colored movie ever shown.* Street stands. "Sweet watermillion right here!" The fish sandwich man. The girls with too much powder, beckoning eyes, red, red lips. "You love me, don't you, honey!" "Ah, Cora, leave him alone. He's only a kid." Crap games in the vacant lots. "Cheese it, the cop!" The medicine man, the corner preacher. The dark, throbbing life of the streets.

Long afternoons on the lake shore, the Ghetto's strange old Jews, the foreign quarters, Polish, Irish, until—

"We don't 'low no niggers in this street."

"I'm not bothering you."

"Makes no difference. We don't 'low no niggers in this street." And the lanky boy stuns me with a blow to the jaw. A shrill whistle brings the gang. Blows and counter-blows, oaths and kicks. We butt and fight and scratch. I would run but someone knocks my cap on the ground. My old dirty cap on the ground. I'll get my cap. It becomes life, death, God, everything,—my cap.

"Let me get my cap! Fight fair, you poor white cowards! Ganging a fellow like this!" We sway and grunt and pant, a mass of fists, arms, bodies. I grab someone's legs, kick, shove, reach down, grab my cap turn, push, run. Escape! A whiz-

zing of stones. Street corner, head out, body safe.

"Bastards!"

"Nigger!"

Chicago before the riots. Power and brutality, strength. Ugly, sprawling, mighty city.

Mexico

I have come from far up in the mountains to the capitol for this Feast-Sunday. It is the bull-ring in Mexico. Juan Luis de la Rosa, youngest and most graceful of Spanish matadors, places the banderillos. With one gay, paper-covered, sharp steel-pointed dart held high above his head in each hand, the young fighter, in a suit of silk and silver, moves in a circle about the angry bull. The animal paws the ground, bellows, rushes toward him. Quick as a flash, the hooked darts are fastened in his torn skin. The fighter leaps aside. The surprised bull roars, turns. The colored, cruel instruments of the fight decorate his bloody neck, making him seem like some garlanded festival animal ready for the sacrifice. It has been a perfect placement. *"Bravo, los hombres!"* The crowd goes mad. Hats, scarves, jeweled combs, fans are thrown in the arena at his feet as the young fighter receives the acclamations of his public.

The bull has killed four horses, goring them till their entrails spill on the ground. The bull has wounded one man. Now the youthful fighter, ready for the kill, receives his sword and cape. The vast crowd about the great ring is silent almost to the point of breathlessness. The supreme moment has arrived, the crisis in that savage drama, that old, old drama of youth against odds, youth against evil, death, the beast. The bull, tired by the exertions of the fight, stands still in the center of the arena, panting, but his stillness is pregnant with unused strength. Will he rush toward the young man, gore him through, lift him high on his horns as he did the bodies of the bleeding horses? Will the drama end in human death?

It is late afternoon and the quick, tropical darkness is approaching. Already dusk is gathered over the arena. Hurry, oh, hurry! The nervous stillness of the crowd is like a scream. The fighter advances slowly, his red cape before him, his sword held high. The bull paws the ground, seems to moan deeply, gathers his waning strength and rushes forward. The sword goes straight and deep into his neck. The fighter, in his suit of silk and silver, is lifted high in the air between the horns of the bull. He springs back. The mighty moment of the drama is over. The dying animal stops, takes one, two steps toward his human slayer, trembles, then slowly and in a manner of great state, like some ponderous animal god, topples down in the sand to death.

Already it is dark. The crowd, making for the exits, fills narrow steps, pushes in enclosed corridors. A great number of men and boys climb the high barrier into the arena and carry the young triumphant fighter off on their shoulders. I follow shouting, pushing with the rest, trying to get near, to touch this hero of the day and dusk. Through the dark stone arches of the plaza, through the toreadores' quarters, out to the waiting long powerful car with head-lights softly glowing, they carry him. In the car, with much cheering, they place the young matador. One of his friends throws a ring-cape of pale grey silk broidered in gold about him. The flash of a match shows me his face as he lights a cigarette,—a hard, sun-browned boy-face, scarred, shadowed. Tomorrow the newspapers will headline his name and in all the little bars and cafés, theatres and great restaurants of the capital, they will talk about him. The people will idolize him. The loveliest of courtesans will offer him their bodies, and the international news reels will flash his picture on the screen in Canton, China, and Kenosha, Wisconsin. He has fought the good fight and brought to a triumphant end the drama of youth against odds, youth against evil, death, the beast. He has played his part well in the afternoon's savage and primordial spectacle.

Down the narrow street, through the talking crowds, out into the wide Avenida, his car glides silently. The space it leaves in passing fills with moving crowds as a mud-rut fills with water after the passing of a wagon wheel. I am lost in the moving crowds, lost with my two friends speaking rapid Spanish on the brilliantly lighted sidewalks of the avenue, lost in a maze of wild, beautiful people. Oh, the ecstasy of crowds; the joy of lights; the fascination of cities!

New York

The sea brought me to Manhattan. Days and nights at sea. Sultry days, starry nights, and then suddenly, rising from the very waters themselves, the living cliffs and towers of New York. There is no thrill in all the world like that of entering, for the first time, New York harbor,—coming in from the flat monotony of the sea to this rise of dreams and beauty. New York is then truly the dream-city, city of the towers near to God, city of hopes and visions, of spires seeking in the windy air loveliness and perfection.

I am anxious to disembark. Quickly I want to be ashore, to touch its life, to mingle with the crowds in its deep canyons, to walk in the shadow of its strong towers. I want to be one of the many millions, one of the many moving living beings in the swirling greatness of the city.

I go. Manhattan takes me, is glad, holds me tightly. Like a vampire sucking my blood from my body, sucking my very breath from my lungs, she holds me. Broadway and its million lights. Harlem and its love-nights, its cabarets and casinos, its dark, warm bodies. The thundering subways, the arch of the bridges, the mighty rivers hold me. I am amazed at the tremendousness of the city, at its diverseness, its many, many things, its spiritual and physical playthings, its work things, its joy things. I cannot tell the city how much I love it. I have not enough kisses in my mouth for the avid lips of the city. I become dizzy dancing to the jazz-tuned nights, ecstasy-wearied in the towered days.

The sea takes me away again. I am glad. But I come back. Always I come back. The fascination of this city is upon me, burning like a fire in the blood.

Paris

Springtime — Paris — Dusk, opalescent, pale, purpling to night—Montmartre. The double windows of my high little attic room open to the evening charm of the city.

"C'est très grand, ce Paris," Sonia says. "Vois-tu Notre Dame là bas, et le Tour?" And we search for the things we know in the darkening panorama of the vast town. We search for the things we know and watch the lights come out beneath us and the stars above.

"C'est très beau," says Sonia. "Oui, c'est très beau,—this old, old queen of cities." And I think of the many illustrious ones who, through the centuries, have been her lovers,—Dante, the exile; Villon of the ragged heart; Molière and the great Lecouvreur; Heine, Napoleon, the little corporal; the strange, satanic Baudelaire; Wilde, and the gorgeous Bernhardt. And I think of the seeking wandering ones she has drawn from all the world,—poets, students, adventurers and lovers. And I think of her as the center in the great wheel of cities circling around her,—New York, London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Madrid. And in the darkening day she becomes like an enchantress-city adorning herself with lights. She becomes like a sorceress-city making herself beautiful with jewels.

"Allons," says Sonia, who all the while has been standing quiet in the shadows. "Oui, allons," I answer. And we go together down the winding stairs, out into the living streets, eagerly into the moving life of the Paris night.

Our Book Shelf

Books Which You Must Know About Reviewed by Sympathetic Readers. All of Them Are for Sale at THE CRISIS *Book Shop*

The New Negro, edited by Alain Locke. Albert and Charles Boni, New York, 1925. 446 *pages.*

THIS extraordinary book in many ways marks an epoch. It is in many respects sprawling, illogical, with an open and unashamed lack of unity and continuity, and yet it probably expresses better than any book that has been published in the last ten years the present state of thought and culture among American Negroes and it expresses it so well and so adequately, with such ramification into all phases of thought and attitude, that it is a singularly satisfying and inspiring thing.

It has, too, more than most books, a history. The well-known magazine, *The Sur-*

vey, which represents organized social reform in America, has always been traditionally afraid of the Negro problem and has usually touched it either not at all or gingerly. Even last year one of the editors at a great meeting of social workers in Los Angeles succeeded in talking over an hour on the social problems of America, dividing and examining them exhaustively both geographically and qualitatively, and yet said no word on the race problems.

Notwithstanding this *The Survey* has grown and developed tremendously in the last few years. I remember vividly being asked by *The Survey* to furnish it for the New Year 1914 a statement of the aims of the N. A. A. C. P. I did so and said among other things:

Sixth—Finally, in 1914, the Negro must demand his social rights. His right to be treated as a gentleman when he acts like one, to marry any sane, grown person who wants to marry him, and to meet and eat with his friends without being accused of undue assumption or unworthy ambition.

No sooner had the editors of *The Survey* read this than they telephoned frantically to some of the directors of the N. A. A. C. P. and they found easily several who did not agree with this statement and one indeed who threatened to resign if it were published. *The Survey* therefore refused to publish my statement unless this particular paragraph were excised. The statement was not published.

Since then much water has flowed under the bridge and it happened last year that the editor of *The Survey* was sitting next to Mr. A. G. Dill, our business manager, at a dinner given to Miss Fauset in honor of the appearance of her novel, "There Is Confusion". The editor looked at the company with interest and Mr. Dill began to tell him who they were. It occurred to the editor of *The Survey* that here was material for a *Survey Graphic;* still he hesitated and feared the "social uplifters" of the United States with a mighty fear. But he took one step which saved the day: He got a colored man to edit that number of the *Graphic*, Alain Locke, a former Rhodes scholar and a professor at Howard University. Locke did a good job, so good a job that this Negro number of the *Survey Graphic* was one of the most successful numbers ever issued by *The Survey*.

It was a happy thought on the part of the Bonis to have the material thus collected, arranged and expanded, combined with the painting and decoration of Winold Reiss and issued as a book which states and explains the present civilization of black folk in America. Mr. Locke has done a fine piece of editing. The proof reading, the bibliographies and the general arrangement are all beyond criticism.

With one point alone do I differ with the Editor. Mr. Locke has newly been seized with the idea that Beauty rather than Propaganda should be the object of Negro literature and art. His book proves the falseness of this thesis. This is a book filled and bursting with propaganda but it is propaganda for the most part beautifully and painstakingly done; and it is a grave question if ever in this world in any renaissance there can be a search for disembodied beauty which is not really a passionate effort to do something tangible, accompanied and illumined and made holy by the vision of eternal beauty.

Of course this involves a controversy as old as the world and much too transcendental for practical purposes, and yet, if Mr. Locke's thesis is insisted on too much it is going to turn the Negro renaissance into decadence. It is the fight for Life and Liberty that is giving birth to Negro literature and art today and when, turning from this fight or ignoring it, the young Negro tries to do pretty things or things that catch the passing fancy of the really unimportant critics and publishers about him, he will find that he has killed the soul of Beauty in his Art.

W. E. B. DuBois.

Black Cameos. By R. Emmet Kennedy. Albert and Charles Boni, New York.

The Menace of Colour. By J. W. Gregory. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

BLACK CAMEOS

A BOOK which begins by way of introduction with a somewhat lengthy and altogether academic interpolation of what is to follow and ends with an "Amen" printed in scholarly old English and enclosed in a "God Bless Our Home" frame certainly at first glance promises little by way of light entertainment for those who seek it. Yet in spite of all that R. Emmet Kennedy has

unconsciously done to forestall even a cursory examination of the contents of his book, "Black Cameos" is a genuine treat.

But it is gravely mis-named, at least in one sense. A cameo, according to Webster (and since the learned have not yet discovered his "etymological" peer, he is still the authority on word meanings), is "a striated stone or shell carved in relief so as to show the design in a layer of one color with another color as background". These delightfully humorous sketches, for the merest incidental sketches they are,—momentary glimpses of Louisiana peasant colored folk, all too brief and too plotless to be called stories, present a certain design of life in a stratum of one color, but *not* against a background of another, for the liaison between southern blacks and whites which so often furnishes the rollicking Negro fun relished by the public is entirely absent.

We have here a Prosper Merimée,—an artist who entirely eliminates self and all his ilk,—who is content with recording merely the actions of his characters without comment, permitting interpretation of them only through their own inimitably naïve, captivating, high-sounding, laughter-provoking articulation. With the exception of the uninteresting introduction, which is almost an apology for doing a good thing,—the book is solidly and pleasantly "Negro" without Caucasian relief from start to finish.

If on the other hand, however, we take cameo to mean something precious,—a gem of rare value, then, no more felicitous caption than "Black Cameos" can be found,—for gems these very personal, very real, and very appealing little tales, songs and poems are,—simple in the extreme, but artistic after the fashion of the Irish folk lore themes recently thrust forward.

In "Black Cameos" Mr. Kennedy has made an entirely new departure from the recent trend of Negro fiction and deserves, as an author, the same approbation and encouragement which are showered so unstintedly and so deservedly upon the chroniclers and interpreters of Negro Spirituals, for in this volume, he has attempted, in addition to presenting homely, but persuasively true, little pictures of actual small town Negro life in the South, to record some of the spontaneous and original songs and poems which are so much a part of any untutored people living life to the full in their own elemental way.

BRENDA RAY MORYCK.

THE MENACE OF COLOUR

THE connotation of his title,—The Menace of Colour,—and the press reports of his Presidential Address at the Toronto meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in August, 1924, which purported to summarize the conclusions of this book have classed Professor J. W. Gregory with the alarmists of the Black and Yellow Peril and the pseudo-scientific propagandists of White Supremacy, Anglo-Saxon dominance and custodianship of civilization, Caucasian Race Integrity and Superiority. But he is far from being a more scientifically reputable Lothrop Stoddard or Madison Grant or less official Kennedy or Hughes or Smuts. Rather than manufacturing similar views or retailing theirs, he comes along with a useful inventory and classification of imperialistic views and policies and takes somewhat timely and accurate stock of the world situations they have produced. There is danger of regarding the investigator of dangerous forces or deadly substances as himself a dangerous and wicked person, but Professor Gregory handles as facts and figures what most other commentators handle as social laws and arguments,—only occasionally does he lose the objective control of the scientist. As a result we have a clear almost anatomized view of the race alignments of the world today, useful I should think to all shades and varieties of color partisans and political and cultural factionalists. It is indeed high time that all concerned should be brought down to the consideration of the facts in the case and in the perspective of a world scale and situation. This consideration of race problems on the world scale is probably after all the one significant advance that in our generation the public mind has taken in the consideration of social issues and problems. And toward popularizing such a general though superficial understanding this handy Baedeker of the race problem should be most helpful.

But just because it is so factual, the book can not be profoundly interpretative or diagnostic.

ALAIN LOCKE.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

An Epitaph

"HERE lies a poor woman who always was tired.
She lived in a house where the help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were:
'Dear friends, I am going
To where there's no cooking, no washing or sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get out of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, oh, mourn for me never,
I'm going to do *nothing* forever and ever'."

* * *

THE *American Mercury* continues to pay thoughtful attention to the Negro. Kelly Miller has written on the Negro as a working man. M. J. Herskovits has written on the Color Line and Sarah Hardt writes on Alabama and mentions Negro homes:

The average Negro house of today is clean, well-kept and comfortable. The squalor and filth in which the last generation of Negroes lived is no longer tolerated. There are white linen cloths on the tables, rag paper on the walls, and wire netting protecting the doors and windows. Life among the best Negroes is civilized, dignified, and yet unrestrained and merry. Of a summer evening, when the minstrels—still uncorrupted by the saxophone—wander up and down the streets and the floor lamps are all lighted in the front windows, the atmosphere is cheerful and inviting. And, under a glowing moon, the homey cottages, the flower gardens and sloping greens have a certain beauty.

There is among the better class of Southern Negroes of today an increasing sense of solidarity and self-sufficiency. They are going about their affairs in a thoroughgoing fashion, they are financing their own enterprises, establishing their own markets.

* * *

WALTER WHITE writes on "Negro Segregation Comes North" in the *Nation* of October 21. By all means read the November number of the *World Tomorrow* which is devoted to "The White Peril". Among the writers is Countée Cullen and the articles include a reprint of Herbert A. Miller's "Science, Pseudo Science and Race" printed in the October CRISIS, and an article by Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian poet. The leading editorial by Harry F. Ward ends with these words:

For the development of these two basic concepts—self-government for all peoples and the earth as the source of our common wealth—the next practical steps are the announcement by the "great" powers of their intention of restoring full sovereignty to all subject peoples with a definite date set and methods of transfer of control specified, and the calling of a world-wide economic conference to arrange for the development and distribution of basic necessities according to need. Until these two steps are taken there will be no diminution of interracial antagonism and conflict.

* * *

We have received the annual report 1924-25 of the Johannesburg, South Africa, joint council of Europeans and natives. The report considers native land rights, passes, travel, courts, occupation, taxation and social activities.

The National Congress of British West Africa has issued a copy of its constitution adopted in 1923. It lays down the following statement of objects:

"That the policy of the Congress shall be to maintain strictly and inviolate the connection of the British West African Dependencies with the British Empire, and to maintain unreservedly all and every right of free citizenship of the Empire and the fundamental principle that taxation goes with effective representation.

"That among the objects of the Congress shall be the promotion of the common interests of the British West African Dependencies politically, economically, educationally, socially, and otherwise; and to promote and effect unity of purpose and of action among them; to establish Universities, Colleges, Academies and Schools for the racial education and culture of the people; to promote Commercial and Industrial intercourse of the people and to work for better conditions generally in all British West Africa.

"The aims of the Congress shall be to aid in the development of the political institutions of British West Africa under the Union Jack, so as eventually to take her place beside the sister nations of the Empire, and, in time, to insure within her borders the Government of the people, by the people, for the people; to secure equal op-

portunity for all; to preserve the lands of the people for the people; and to save them from exploitation in any shape or form.

"The Congress claims that apart from the fact that the National Congress of British West Africa represents substantially the intelligentsia and the advanced thought of British West Africa, and that the principles it stands for are some of those fundamental ones that have always actuated communities that have arrived at the stage of national consciousness, it also represents the bulk of the inhabitants of the various indigenous communities and with them claims, as sons of the soil, the inherent right to make representations as to existing disabilities, and to submit recommendations for the necessary reforms."

CATHOLICS AND NEGROES

THE relation of Negroes to the Catholic Church continues to be discussed. A Review, published by Catholics in St. Louis, Missouri, confirms editorially what we have said, namely that the Catholics refuse to admit colored students to their institutions of higher learning.

"The blame, in the opinion of *Our Colored Missions*, lies not with the Negroes, who are poor and uncultured, but with the wealthy white Catholics, who should and could easily help them to quite an extent by simply receiving colored boys and girls into those of their own higher institutions of learning which are not filled to capacity. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Amherst, Smith, Oberlin, and a number of State unversities are accepting Negro students, but of our Catholic colleges and universities only Fordham and the University of Detroit 'stand forth as honorable exceptions.' Non-Catholic universities and colleges are not being ruined nor are they losing prestige by accepting colored boys and girls. Would our Catholic schools if they received Catholic colored youth?"

* * *

This is bad enough, but this is not all. The following letter has been sent to Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia by forty-seven colored Catholic families living in West Philadelphia:

"Your Eminence:

"Some months ago we received information that a colored mission was to be started in West Philadelphia for Negro people, and were somewhat surprised when we found that said church was placed within a block of St. Agatha Roman Catholic Church and particularly in a public dance hall which, to be truthful, was very unsanitary. We were more surprised to learn that property for the future parish was to be located almost next door to St. Ignatius Roman Catholic Church, thus creating two distinct parishes within one block of each other; and disgustingly surprised when informed by the Rev. V. Deaver that Masses would be held in the Recreation Hall of St. Ignatius, pending admission to the Negro Church.

"Realizing that the Clergy in this Arch Diocese are desirous of separating Colored Catholics and the desire of Colored Catholics for their own Church with their Colored Priest, we resent the high handed method used to accomplish said separation.

"Almost from the beginning of Mother Church, Africans, or better still, Colored Catholics have ever played an important part in its progress; to such an extent that St. Peter's Chair has been graced by the occupancy of three of us, and at the present time we boast of many Bishops and Priests throughout the world. We realize that Negroes being of a religious temperament and ever ready to accept same when properly explained and understood would naturally become Roman Catholics if some inducement were offered. We of the Faith who are not all ignorant believe that this could be accomplished not by antagonizing us and holding us and the Church up to ridicule by those of the race outside the Faith, but by constructive intelligent efforts to amicably secure desired separation. This can only be brought about by Representatives of the Clergy and Negro Laymen in Conference.

"Efforts have been made before in this section to bring about this separation but all met with the same failure as the present move is doomed to, unless the spirit of hostility be removed from both parties concerned.

"Desirous of continuing loyal Catholics, aiding in the conversion of those of our race, and clearing Mother Church of the stigma of prejudice, we request that Your Eminence grant us through our representatives an audience at your earliest convenience, at which time we will offer constructive measures for the settlement of this seemingly vexing problem."

* * *

These Catholics write us as follows:

"A committee including the writer waited on His Eminence on Monday, October 19, 1925 with the following results:

"First, he stated that the white people of Philadelphia did not want colored people in the Church and we should have race pride enough to stay out of them. (2) That it was not the mission of the Catholic Church to educate or furnish recreation centers for colored people. He also assumed responsibility for segregating colored Catholics, and ended the Conference by threatening the committee with arrest should they publish his attitude.

"Space will not permit the entire con-

ference which was deplorable as Philadelphia is worse than the South where Negro Catholics are concerned. We have plenty facts but were loathe to publish them. Now we have decided to release same should you need them. We would be glad to furnish same through our Secretary, Clarence F. Clarke, 29 South 49th Street."

* * *

Clarence F. Clark adds:

"The Catholic Church claims to have been founded by God, with Apostolic authority; teaches that each Priest when speaking on spiritual matters represents Christ. If this is true, then God does draw a color line, or the Church is not what it professes to be. Rev. Father V. A. Deaver wrote us that God is preparing this Church for us. We are wondering whether God, were he here on earth, would ask Whites to worship in the Church, and Negroes in the basement? And if he has prepared a black Heaven and a white Heaven.

"We as men and women have stood the pressure of those who presume to have attained the sole right and privilege to act as Messengers of God, and Holy Mother Church too long. It is for us as Catholics and not as Negroes or any particular body to stand for that which to our minds is just and right. It is deplorable to note the many injustices that are dealt to us as a body in the Holy Catholic Church by subordinates, for all Catholics regardless of status are but subordinates when we consider our Lord, as the Head, and He is the Head, or someone has erred."

EDUCATION

THERE is a theory in the United States that race prejudice is the monopoly of the poor and ignorant whites. But every once in a while proof comes that the real fountain head of the silliest and most inexplicable race discrimination comes from the seats of the mighty. The following story was sent us by a reputable colored teacher:

"When the presence of Negro teachers was noted in an extension course offered by Johns Hopkins University to the teachers of Wilmington, Delaware, the officials of Johns Hopkins immediately informed the Superintendent of Schools of Wilmington, David A. Ward, that it was against the policy and tradition of that school to admit Negroes to its courses. Mr. Ward called together the 24 colored teachers registered in the course and advised them to withdraw from the course since they were 'ineligible'. Such indignation and resentment met his suggestion that he acceded to the suggestion of Principal George A. Johnson of the Howard High School (colored) to call together the principals of the 30 schools of the city to advise them of the situation.

"Superintendent Ward informed them that there were 24 teachers (colored) who were affected by this policy and that the possible solution might be to have the course excluded or to allow only those who were eligible to enter. He also disclaimed any responsibility for the policies of Johns Hopkins. Mr. George A. Johnson, Principal of Howard High School, speaking for the principals, pointed out that more than 24 teachers were affected by this action; that the entire city of Wilmington was affected by this action inasmuch as Johns Hopkins was attempting to extend its policies of discrimination into Wilmington through the sanction of the public schools; that to single out any group and deny them educational advantages on account of race was indeed embarrassing and compromising. Mr. Channing Wagner, principal of the Wilmington High School (white), moved that inasmuch as the course offered by Johns Hopkins excluded part of the teaching force of Wilmington that it be rejected without further consideration. The motion was carried unanimously by the vote of the 24 white and 6 colored principals!"

* * *

This attitude of Johns Hopkins University seemed to us so impossible that THE CRISIS immediately wrote President Frank J. Goodnow asking if the action taken by these officials at Johns Hopkins University was authorized. President Goodnow answered us: "We have felt that inasmuch as we are chartered by the State of Maryland and receive a considerable grant from the State, we should conform to the educational policy of the State with regard to the admission into the University of colored students.

"The policy of the State as you probably know is the segregation of the races in all the schools of the State, including training schools for teachers."

* * *

We immediately replied asking if the policy of segregation "in all the schools of the state" included all the schools of other states and all assemblies of teachers in extension courses. The president has been too busy to reply to this letter.

* * *

A colored paper, the *Louisiana Weekly*, talks like this:

Today we are reading the newspaper accounts of the voting of a two and one-half million dollar bond issue to be used in construction of public schools. There must evidently be some mistake in this plan. We notice that of the whole two and one-half millions of dollars to be raised by taxation

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

of all the people only eighty-eight thousand are to be used for Negro schools.

There is evidently some gross error somewhere. We cannot imagine the city of New Orleans to have entirely lost its sense of justice and right and to be imprudent enough to put over a deal so obviously discriminating.

There is at present such a vast difference between the equipment of the two different groups of schools. We wish to quote figures compiled by the School Board and not by us:

White		Negro	Proportion White to Negro
280,000	City population	120,000	2 1/3 to 1
$3,450,000	Property valuation	$800,000	4 1/3 to 1
6	Secondary schools	1	6 to 1
70	Elementary schools	19	3 3/4 to 1
76	Principals	20	3 4/5 to 1
204	High and Normal teachers	60	3 2/5 to 1
957	Elementary teachers	279	3 3/5 to 1
$2,412,000	Bond allotment	$88,000	28 to 1

The above are the figures, and here are the facts taken verbatim from newspaper reports.

Now, do we consider this fair? Do we consider it an honest expenditure of the people's money? Do we feel that it is something that will make for better racial good feeling? Do we think it will be very conducive to satisfying Negro labor, one of the greatest assets of the city of New Orleans? Do we think it good for the consciences of the perpetrators of the raw deal?

Our Negro schools are in a poor state of affairs now. Most of them are menaces to the safety of the children. One of them actually fell down and the children are now in an adjoining church. They in no manner compare with schools of other groups. This six to one is an actual farce. The worst white school in the city is better than our high and normal school, a relic of antiquity.

Now, we need education — everybody needs education. We want education— everybody nowadays seems to want education. As long as we are a part of the community and a contributing part, we feel that we have a right to a fair and just proportion of whatever educational facilities are provided by the public funds.

TANNER

WE learn from the bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, that at last a painting by Tanner has been hung upon their walls.

A picture by Henry O. Tanner, Sodom and Gomorrah, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Curtis, has been placed on exhibition in Gallery 12.

Lot and his two daughters, escaping from the fire and brimstone of the Lord, are shown as smallish figures in the foreground of a wide plain in the lower part of the picture. Obeying the angelic injunction, they set their faces away from the catastrophe; but Lot's wife behind them became changed into a pillar of salt as she turned "toward the land of the plain; and behold and lo, the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."

The artist's motive, one ventures to say, has been mainly the delineation of this seething, convoluted mass of smoke. Probably his inspiration came at the sight of some such terrific scene during the war. Nothing in natural events, indeed, could be imagined to typify more fittingly the wrath of God in the biblical story than the aspect of the sky after a great explosion, as those can testify who were in this neighborhood at the time of the blowing up of the Black Tom powder magazines.

Although Tanner is widely represented in foreign collections, this Museum has hitherto owned nothing by him. His picture, Sodom and Gomorrah, representing as it does his characteristic interpretation of old-world stories and legends into which enters some aspect of our own day, something actually seen by the artist, is a gift particularly appropriate to the needs of our collection of American paintings.

NEGRO MUSIC

ROLAND HAYES is singing again in America. Of his first concert before an audience that filled every bit of space in the great Symphony Hall, Boston, Philip Hale, the celebrated critic, writes in the Boston *Herald:*

Here was a program that one might think fit only for a small audience expectant of songs conspicuous for their fine quality; not for a huge gathering on a Sunday afternoon. Many Sunday singers would not have had the courage to put Mr. Hayes's program before their hearers. Great was his reward. The worth of the songs themselves, the voice and the art of the interpreter were at once appreciated. There was no restlessness; as if there were impatience until the time came for the Negro Spirituals. There was often the momentary hush of complete satisfaction and response to the singer's emotional rendering preceding the enthusiastic applause, a tribute to soul and art seldom paid in our concert halls.

We have never heard Mr. Hayes when his voice was purer and freer; when he sang with so much vocal skill and realization of poet's and composer's intention. There was no undue emphasis; no exaggeration and no descending to sentimentalism in order to win the favor of the unthinking. The beauty of his voice was not lost when force was demanded.